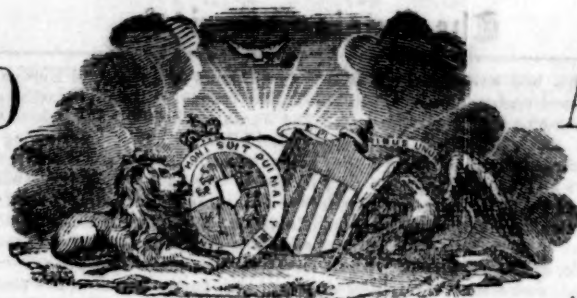


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THE LABOURER'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Let the rich man tell how his coffers swell,
And treasures await his nod;
With gems of the mine let him build his shrine,
And worship the golden god!
How poor he is still, with a limitless will,
When he looks for content in vain;
And envies the lot of the lowliest cot
That is free from the worldling's pain!

Let him revel and feast! there's a time, at least,
When gaiety charms no more;
When the heart grows cold, and the limbs wax old,
And the brightness of youth is o'er;
When the man of wealth would barter for health
The whole of his costly gear!
But the die is cast, and the day is past,
For he rests on his 'scutcheon'd bier!

But the sons of toil, who harrow the soil,
Are happier far than he;
They delve and they strive, that others may live,
With spirits unchain'd and free!
From the dawn of light, to the close of night,
The labourer piodeth on;
But he lays his head on a thornless bed
When his daily work is done.

And, hard though his fare, not a shade is near
To darken his humble home;
And the crust is sweet few others would greet,
For a blessing doth with it come!
And a cheerful smile can his brow beguile,
For it flies from the pleasure-worm;
And turns from the great, with the poor to mate,
Befriending the lowly born!

And the labourer's life is freed from the strife
That the men of the world pursue;
He utters no word he would wish unheard,
For honest he is, and true.
With a conscious worth, he can face the earth,
And its bleakest winds defy;
With Hope for his guide, he can stem the tide,
And trust to a cloudless sky!

SPRING.

IMITATED FROM ANACREON'S 37th ODE.

See how in matchless bloom,
The Graces roses bring,
To greet, with blushing lip,
The advent of the Spring.
See how the sunny isles
The stilly water laves;
Its crested foam and surf are gone,
And sleep its boiling waves.

The snowy cygnet floats
Upon the sylvan lake;
The warblers, with their notes,
The fringing forest wake.
The crane begins to plume
His restless wing, to fly
To cooler and to distant climes,
Beneath a Northern sky.

The mellow sunlight too,
Bids winter mists depart,
And not a cloud remains
To chill the gladsome heart;
Kind Nature is alive,
And grateful for the toil
Of lab'ring mortals, with her fruit
Loads the producing soil.

The rounded olive swells
In promise to the eye;
And perfumes greet the sense,
As wing the Zephyrs by.
The stars look brightly down,
From heavenly homes above,
And open, in the genial heart,
The early buds of Love.

The goblet now is crowned
With loveliest of flowers,
Which meet the blush of morn,
In Flora's mossy bowers;
Virgins and youths are glad,
And happy praises sing—

Still hymning sweetly, as they go,
The beauties of the Spring.

New York, April 21st, 1845.

EUGENIO.

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

Sydney Smith was a thorough Englishman. He loved old England well; and, saving his cloth, would have fought for her had it been necessary. He had no small share of the John Bull spirit—manly independence—strong convictions, clear views, and unswerving integrity. He seized a subject with a tenacious grasp, examined it with steadiness, caution, and deliberation; and, with a force and decision of character, which have left their impress on the times in which he lived, formed decided opinions without reference to the prevailing prejudices or current fallacies of the day. He was not time-serving, or servile, or venal, or self-seeking. His pen was never employed but on the side of what he believed to be truth and justice; he hated oppression, and always protested against wrong. He was a decided politician, and yet was free from the virulence, the biases, and the narrow prepossessions of party men. Viewing his whole public career—which extended over a space of fifty years—we see much to admire, much to applaud, much to love the man for—and but little, comparatively speaking, very little to censure.

But Sydney Smith enjoyed a double reputation. Not only was he acknowledged by Europe and America to be a terse, logical, and sparkling writer, who at one time could use the polished rapier of the dexterous swordman, and at another wield a heavy mace,—now despatching an antagonist with a cut and thrust—now smashing an opponent to atoms; but he was accomplished in those conversational arts which impart such a charm of society—he was a wit of the first water—a diner-out of the highest lustre—a boon companion, whose flashes of merriment were wont to set the table in a roar. Byron terms him that "mad wag, the Rev. Sydney Smith." Southey, with a little malevolence, calls him "Joke Smith." The witticisms of the lamented deceased would indeed, if collected, fill a volume that would excel the most sparkling *bons mots* of Sheridan and Theodore Hook; but in the biting jests of the humorous canon there was always a happy blending of wit and wisdom.

Our author was the son of a gentleman of small landed property at Lyndiard, near Taunton, Somersetshire. We know little of his boyhood. It was spent amid those rural scenes which he afterwards knew how to depict with so much freshness and truth. At an early age he was sent to Winchester College, founded in 1387 by William of Wykeham, which has long held a pre eminent rank among the public schools of England; and which was designed by its founder as a preparatory seminary for his foundation of New College Oxford. From this school Mr. Smith was, in 1780, elected to New College, Oxford. He says, in one of his cathedral letters:—"I was at school and college with the Archbishop of Canterbury; fifty-three years ago he knocked me down with a chess-board for check-mating him, and he is now attempting to take away my patronage. I believe these are the only two acts of violence he ever committed in his life; the interval has been one of gentleness, kindness, and the most amiable and high-principled courtesy to his clergy." In 1790 Mr. Smith became a fellow, and held his fellowship till his marriage in 1800. In 1796 he took his degree of M.A., and about the same period took the curacy of Nether-Avon, near Amesbury, a town about seven miles and a half from Salisbury. Amesbury is situated on the classic river Avon, and was the birth place of Addison, whose fame, as an essayist, Sydney was destined to emulate. After residing at Nether-Avon for about two years, Mr. Smith went to Edinburgh for the purpose of educating the son of Hicks Beach, Esq. M.P. for Cirencester, who, as Sydney himself informs us, "took a fancy to him." Mr. Beach was a disciple of Charles James Fox, and it is not improbable that Mr. Smith's intimacy with this gentleman contributed in some measure to form those opinions in politics to which he adhered all his life, and to attach him to that party of which he was always considered a member. In Edinburgh Sydney Smith became acquainted with Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray, and Lord Brougham, all entertaining strong liberal opinions. He proposed to these gentlemen that they should 'set up a Review'; the proposition was acceded to with acclamation, and, under the editorship of the Whig parson, the first number of the *Edinburgh Review* was ushered into the world. Its appearance created a great sensation, and the first number went through four editions.

Sydney Smith was a haughty hater of cant; and always entertained, to use his own words, "a passionate love for common justice and common sense." He entered with great spirit and success into the lists against "Methodism," which, in those days, was a straight-laced, morose, and repulsive system, that decried all pastimes, and proscribed all recreations, however innocent.

His writings against Methodism—under which term he comprehended all pious vulgarity and offensive puritanical customs—roused a host of enemies, who assailed the unknown reviewer with unmeasured virulence. He defended himself with great animation.

"In spite of all misrepresentation, we have ever been and ever shall be the sincere friends of sober and rational Christianity. We are quite ready, if any fair opportunity occur, to defend it to the best of our ability from the tiger-spring of infidelity; and we are quite determined, if we can prevent such an evil that it shall not be eaten up by the nasty and numerous vermin of Methodism." Again:—"If the choice rested with us we should say, give us back our wolves again—restore our Danish invaders—curse us with any evil but the evil of a canting, deluded methodistical populace."

A gentleman, who afterwards rendered himself somewhat notorious by preaching a sermon against Lord Byron—John Styles, D.D.—came forward to extinguish the assailant of Methodism. Unhappy man! *insignis fletit*. "Is it not

true," Sydney Smith replies, "it is not true, as this bad writer is perpetually saying, that the world hates piety. The modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power, when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate canting and hypocrisy: they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and imprudence from the altar, which should only be a sanctuary for the wretched and the good."

He then overwhelms his antagonist with ridicule, and despatches him with a broad grin. "We are a good deal amused, indeed, with the extreme disrelish which John Styles exhibits to the humour and pleasantry with which he admits the methodists to have been attacked: but Mr. John Styles should remember that it is not the practice with destroyers of vermin to allow the little victims a *respite* upon the weapons used against them. If this were otherwise, we should have one set of vermin banishing small tooth-combs: another protesting against mousetraps; a third prohibiting the finger and thumb; a fourth exclaiming against the intolerable infamy of using soap and water. It is impossible, however, to listen to such pleas. They must be caught, killed, and cracked in the manner, and by the instruments which are found most efficacious to their destruction; and the more they cry out the greater, plainly, is the skill used against them. We are convinced a little LAUGHTER will do them more harm than all the arguments in the world. We agree with him that ridicule is not exactly the weapon to be used in matters of religion; but the use of it is excusable when there is no other which can make fools tremble."

In like manner he disposes of John Bowles, one of the red-hot loyalists of his day, who had drawn attention to the alarming practice of singing after dinner at the Whig clubs. "If parliament or catarrh do not save us, Dignum and Sedgewick will quaver away the king, shake down the House of Lords, and warble us in the horrors of republican government. When, in addition to these dangers, we reflect also upon those with which our national happiness is menaced by the present thinness of ladies' petticoats, temerity may hope our salvation, but how can reason presume it?"

His review of Mr. Edgeworth's work on Irish Bulls is exceedingly humorous. Speaking of the author, he says: "He is fuddled with animal spirits, giddy with constitutional joy; in such a state he must have written on, or burst. A discharge of ink was an evacuation absolutely necessary to avoid fatal and plethoric congestion."

Let us take his picture of the dinner table.—"An excellent and well arranged dinner is a most pleasing occurrence, and a great triumph of civilized life. It is not only the descending morsel and the enveloping sauce—the rank, wealth, wit, and beauty which surround the meats—the learned management of light and heat—the silent and rapid services of the attendants—the smiling and artful host proffering gusts and relishes—the exotic bottles—the embossed plate—the pleasant remarks—the handsome dresses—the cunning artifices in fruit and farina! The hour of dinner, in short, includes everything of sensual and intellectual gratification, which a great nation glories in producing." While we are admiring the scene he has conjured up before us, he suddenly startles us with an awkward question:—"In the midst of all this who knows that the kitchen chimney caught fire half an hour before dinner!—and that a poor little wretch, six or seven years old, was sent up in the midst of the flames to put it out?"

In 1800, Sydney Smith married Miss Pybus, the daughter of Mr. Pybus, a banker in London. He has left a son and two daughters; one married to Dr. Holland, the other to Mr. Hibbert, of Munden, Herts. He came to reside in town in 1803, and was soon after elected one of the chaplains of the Foundling Hospital, and two or three chapels at the west end. He was also appointed one of the lecturers of the Royal Institution. His connection with the *Edinburgh Review* naturally introduced him to the Whig circles in the metropolis; and in 1806, when Lord Erskine was Lord Chancellor, we find him conferring upon Mr. Smith the living of Foston, near York, where he lived for upwards of twenty years. During the first year of his residence in Yorkshire he produced the most celebrated of all his performances, the *Letters of Peter Plymley to his brother Abraham in the Country*. These letters have gone through several editions, and are not inferior to any satirical performance in the English language. It has been happily observed by a foreigner that the characteristic of the mind of the writer was a keen perception of the grotesque side of whatever was bad and unjust, and that his power lay in developing the constant relation which subsists between falsehood and absurdity.

Let us cull a few of the exquisite passages of *Peter Pith* [Byron's name for the author of *Plymley*]. He laughs at the absurd alarms about the pope:—

"In the first place, my sweet Abraham, the pope has not landed,—nor are there any curates sent out after him,—nor has he been hid at St. Alban's by the dowager Lady Spencer,—nor dined privately at Holland House,—nor been seen near Dropmore. If these fears exist (which I do not believe), they exist only in the mind of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; they emanate from his zeal for the Protestant interest; and, though they reflect the highest honour upon the delicate irritability of his faith, must certainly be considered as more ambiguous proofs of the sanity and vigour of his understanding. By this time, however, the best informed clergy in the neighbourhood of the metropolis are convinced that the rumour is without foundation; and, though the pope is probably hovering about our coast in a fishing-smack, it is most likely he will fall a prey to the vigilance of our cruisers; and it is certain he has not yet polluted the Protestantism of our soil. "Exactly in the same manner, the story of the wooden gods seized at Charing Cross, by an order from the Foreign Office, turns out to be without the shadow of a foundation. Instead of the angels and archangels mentioned by the informer, nothing was discovered but a wooden image of Lord Mulgrave, going down to Chatham as a head-piece for the Spanker gun-vessel: it was an exact resemblance of his lordship in his military uniform; and therefore as little like a god as can well be imagined."

He describes the horrors that would follow an invasion of England:—"You cannot imagine, you say, that England will ever be ruined and conquered; and for no other reason, that I can find, but because it seems so very odd it should be ruined and conquered. Alas! so reasoned in their time the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian Plymleys. But the English are brave: so were all these nations. You might get together an hundred thousand men individually brave; but, without generals capable of commanding such a machine, it would be as useless as a first-rate man-of-war manned by Oxford, Jergymen, or Parisian shopkeepers. I do not say this to the disparagement of English officers, they have had no means of acquiring experience; but I do say it to create alarm: for we do not appear to me to be half alarmed enough, or to entertain that sense of our danger which leads to the most obvious means of self-defence. for the spirit of the peasantry in making a gallant defence behind hedges, and through plate-racks and hencoops, highly as I think of their bravery,

I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with panic as the English; and this from their total unacquaintance with the science of war. Old wheat and beams blazing for twenty miles round,—cart-mares shot,—sows, of Lord Somerville's breed, running wild over the country,—the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts,—Mrs. Plymley in fits;—all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farm-house been rifled or a clergyman's wife been subjected to any other proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate. The old edition of Plutarch's Lives, which lies in the corner of your parlour-window, has contributed to work you up to the most romantic expectations of our Roman behaviour. You are persuaded that Lord Amherst will defend Kew Bridge like Cocles; that some maid of honour will break away from her captivity, and swim over the Thames; that the Duke of York will burn his capitulating hand; and little Mr. Sturges Bourne give forty years' purchase for Moulsham Hall, while the French are encamped upon it. I hope we shall witness all this, if the French do come; but, in the meantime, I am so enchanted with the ordinary English behaviour of these invaluable persons, that I earnestly pray no opportunity may be given them for Roman valour, and for those very un-Roman pensions which they would all, of course, take especial care to claim in consequence. But, whatever was our conduct, if every ploughman was as great a hero as he who was called from his oxen to save Rome from her enemies, I should still say, that at such a crisis you want the affections of all your subjects in both islands; there is no spirit which you must alienate, no heart you must avert; every man must feel he has a country and that there is an urgent and pressing cause why he should expose himself to death."

He proposes to exclude men with red hair from Parliament:—

"I have often thought, if the wisdom of our ancestors had excluded all persons with red hair from the House of Commons, of the throes and convulsions it would occasion to restore them to their natural rights! What mobs and riots would it produce! To what infinite abuse and obloquy would the capillary patriot be exposed! what wormwood would distil from Mr. Perceval! what froth would drop from Mr. Canning! how (I will not say *my*, but *our* Lord Hawkesbury, for he belongs to us all) how our Lord Hawkesbury would work away about the hair of King William, and Lord Somers, and the authors of the great and glorious revolution! how Lord Eldon would appeal to the Deity, and his own virtues, and to the hair of his children! Some would say that red-haired men were superstitious; some would prove they were Atheists; they would be petitioned against, as the friends of slavery and the advocates for revolt: in short, such a corrupter of the heart and the understanding is the spirit of persecution, that these unfortunate people (conspired against by their fellow-subjects of every complexion). If they did not emigrate to countries where hair of another colour was persecuted, would be driven to the falsehood of perukes, or the hypocrisy of the Tricosian fluid."

Sydney Smith had a strong dislike to Canning; he attacks him in his letters respecting the Catholics with great bitterness, which is the more remarkable as Canning was always understood to be favourable to the Catholic claims.

"It is only the public situation which this gentleman holds which entitles me, or induces me, to say so much about him. He is a fly in amber: nobody cares about the fly: the only question is, How the devil did he get there! Nor do I attack him from the love of glory, but from the love of utility, as a burgomaster hunts a rat in a Dutch dyke, for fear it should flood a province."

Your blockading-ships may be forced to come home for provisions and repairs, or they may be blown off in a gale of wind, and compelled to bear away for their own coast: and you will observe that the very same wind which locks you up in the British Channel when you are got there, is eminently favourable for the invasion of Ireland. And yet this is called government; and the people huzza Friar Perceval, for continuing to expose his country day after day to such tremendous perils as these,—cursing the men who would have given up a question in theology to have saved us from such a risk. The British empire at this moment is in the state of a peach-blossom,—if the wind blows gently from one quarter it survives, if furiously from the other it perishes. A stiff breeze may set in from the north, the Rochefort squadron will be taken, and the friar will be the most holy of men; if it comes from some other point, Ireland is gone, we curse ourselves as a set of monastic madmen, and call out for the unavailing satisfaction of Mr. Perceval's head. Such a state of political existence is scarcely credible; it is the action of a mad young fool standing upon one foot, and peeping down the crater of Mount Aetna,—not the conduct of a wise and a sober people deciding upon their best and dearest interests; and in the name, the much-injured name, of Heaven, what is it all for, that we expose ourselves to these dangers? Is it that we may sell more muslin? Is it that we may acquire more territory? Is it that we may strengthen what we have already acquired? No: nothing of all this; but that one set of Irishmen may torture another set of Irishmen,—that Sir Phelim O'Callaghan may continue to whip Sir Toby M'Tackle, his next-door neighbour, and continue to ravish his Catholic daughters; and these are the measures which the honest consistent secretary supports; and this is the secretary whose genius, in the estimation of brother Abraham, is to extinguish the genius of Bonaparte. Pompey was killed by a slave, Goliath smitten by a stripling, Pyrrhus died by the hand of a woman; tremble, thou great Gaul, from whose head an armed Minerva leaps forth in the hour of danger; tremble, thou scourge of God, a pleasant man is come out against thee, and thou shalt be laid low by a joker of jokes, and he shall talk his pleasant talk against thee, and thou shalt be no more."

Lastly, what remains to Mr. George Canning, but that he ride up and down Pall Mall glorious upon a white horse, and that they cry out before him, 'Thou shalt it be done to the statesman who hath written The Needy Knife-Grinder and the German play?'

We might go on thus till we had quoted the whole volume, which extends to little more than one hundred pages.

In the first volume of the *Quarterly Review*, (published in 1809,) there is an article headed "Sydney Smith," in which the reverend rector of Foston is Wilson-Crocker with great fury. His two volumes of "aprilly sermons" are strongly censured, and the critic falsely accuses Sydney of "Socinianism." In a sermon preached before his Grace the Archbishop of York, and the clergy at Malton, at the visitation, August in the same year, Sydney Smith reviewed the reviewer; and refuted the *Quarterly* from the pulpit!

Many anecdotes respecting Sydney Smith are current in the country. The parsonage-house was a kind of dispensary; indeed, up to the last, it was his custom "to dine with the rich in London and *physic* the poor in the country—passing from the sauces of Dives to the sores of Lazarus." He visited the sick and the poor, and assiduously performed all his parochial duties. He was very anxious to improve the notions of the country people on domestic econo-

my;—he was of opinion that the hawbucks did not use the most nutritious diet that their means admitted of their using, and he had a sort of "model pudding" exhibited in the kitchen at Poston.

On Sunday, the 1st of August, 1826, he preached the assize sermon in York Cathedral, before Sir John Bayley, Justice of the Court of King's Bench, Sir John Hullock, of the Court of Exchequer, the Lord Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, and a large number of the Bar of the Northern Circuit. Fancy the consternation, when Sydney gave out his text.—"A certain lawyer stood up and asked him a question tempting him!" The barristers exchanged furtive glances—the recorder grinned—the ladies used their smelling-bottles and pocket-handkerchiefs—the vicars choral shivered, not knowing what was to come next and my lords the judges could scarcely refrain from going off on the giggle! The sermon proved to be a very eloquent exposition of the duties and responsibilities of the legal profession.

The worthy priest despised all manner of humbug. Travelling in a stage coach to Leeds he found himself on one occasion, in company with a young Dissenting preacher, rabid in his liberalism, who declaimed loudly to his fellow-passengers on the illumination of the nineteenth century—the progress of science—the march of mind—the blindness and bigotry of past times—the criminality of persecution! "All you say, sir," said Sydney, who had listened quietly in the corner of the coach to hisrodomontade, "is quite true; and yet,—I cannot account for the feeling—but I should just like to see one Quaker burnt."

"Horrible! do you know the sin, sir, of entertaining such a thought?" exclaimed the sucking radical.

Sydney burst into a horse laugh, the company joined chorus, and the presumptuous striping was drowned amid general cackination.

He himself informs us, in one of the notes to his speeches, that at a meeting of the clergy of the East Riding, at Beverly, he found himself alone in opposing the adoption of a petition against Catholic Emancipation. "A poor clergyman," he adds, "waivered to me that he was quite of my way of thinking, but had nine children. I begged he would remain Protestant."

While in Yorksire, Sydney Smith was engaged in an unceasing conflict with the Game Laws, Spring guns, and Man-traps, and the system of punishing untried prisoners. Speaking of the man traps, he exclaims:—"There is a sort of horror in thinking of a whole land filled with lurking engines of death—machinations against human life under every green tree—traps and guns in every dusky dell and bosky bourn—the *fera natura*, the lords of manors eyeing their peasantry as so many butts and marks, and panting to hear the click of the trap and to see the flash of the gun."

What admirable good sense and wit there is in the following passage on the Game Laws:—"It is impossible to make an uneducated man understand in what manner a bird, hatched nobody knows where—to-day living in my field, to-morrow in yours—should be as strictly property as the goose, whose whole history can be traced from the egg to the spit. The arguments upon which this depends are so contrary to the notions of the poor—so repugnant to their passions—and perhaps so much above their comprehension, that they are totally unavailing. The same man who would respect an orchard, a garden, or a hen-roost, scarcely thinks he is committing any fault in invading the game-covers of his richer neighbour; and as soon as he becomes tired of honest industry, his first resource is in plundering the rich magazines of hares, pheasants, and partridges—the top and bottom dishes—which, on every side his village, are running and flying before his eyes."

Here is a graphic portrait:—"The English are a calm, reflecting people; they will give time and money when they are convinced, but they love dates, names, and certificates. In the midst of the most heart-rending narratives Bull requires the day of the month, the year of our Lord, the name of the parish, and the countersign of three or four respectable householders. After these affecting circumstances he can no longer hold out; but gives way to the kindness of his nature—puffs, blubbers, and subscribes!"

Sydney was by no means satisfied with the system of agriculture practised in Ireland, which he seems to have visited; he had seen some good farming on the Woles. "The most ludicrous of all human objects," he declares, "is an Irishman ploughing. A gigantic figure, a seven-foot machine for turning potatoes into human nature, wrapt up in an immense great-coat, and urging on two starved ponies with dreadful imprecations and uplifted shillala."

"Mad Quakers," is the name of a paper, which would have been entitled, by any gentleman in drab, "Insane Members of the Society of Friends." Mad Quakers, however, eccentric Sydney would have it. Yet, so far from the article being a skit on a serious subject, that it is a very honest criticism on an excellent work by the late Mr. Tuke of York, and a very favourable notice of a most valuable institution—the York Retreat. In 1813, when Mr. Tuke wrote, lunatics were treated with violence and brutality, and Sydney Smith was amongst those who came forward at that time to recommend humanity and forbearance in the treatment of insane patients.

In reviewing a pamphlet on untried prisoners, by Archdeacon Headlam, a Yorkshire magistrate, "the leader of the Quorum, who could say with the pious Aneas:—

"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui,"

he says, "A man may be cast into jail at the end of August, and not be tried till the March following. Is it no punishment to such a man to walk up-hill like a turnspit-dog in an infamous machine for six months?"

In the year 1829, the Rev. Sydney Smith exchanged the rectory of Poston for the rectory of Combe-Flory, Somersetshire. Combe-Flory is a parish in the hundred of Taunton, and is in the diocese of Bath and Wells. His motive in making the exchange was, probably, that he might be near those scenes where he had spent his boyhood,—Lydiard, his father's property, being in the neighbourhood of Taunton. He took an active part in the agitation of the Reform Bill, and made two or three effective speeches in favour of it. In 1831 Sydney Smith was appointed to the canonry of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, by the Grey government;—some had looked forward to his elevation to a bishopric.

In 1837 the first of the celebrated *Cathedral Letters*, addressed to the Archdeacon Singleton, made their appearance; two others followed. The object of these publications was to show up the Church Commission, and resist the attempt to extinguish the prebends attached to the Cathedrals. Without entering into the merits of the controversy, we shall select a few passages in the best style of Sydney Smith from these letters:—

"Now, remember," he says, "I hate to overstate my case. I do not say that the destruction of Cathedrals will put an end to railroads: I believe that good mustard and cress, sown after Lord John's Bill is passed, will, if duly watered, continue to grow. I do not say that the country has no right, after the death of individual incumbents, to do what they propose to do;—I merely

say that it is inexpedient, uncalled for, and mischievous,—that the lower Clergy, for whose sake it is proposed to be done, do not desire it,—that the Bishop Commissioners, who proposed it, would be heartily glad if it was put an end to,—that it will lower the character of those who enter into the church, and accustom the English people to large and dangerous confiscations; and I would not have gentlemen of the money-bags, and of wheat and bean-land, forget that the word Church means many other things than Thirty nine Articles, and a discourse of five-and-twenty minutes' duration on the Sabbath. It means a check to the conceited rashness of experimental reasoners—an adherence to old moral landmarks—an attachment to the happiness we have gained from tried institutions greater than the expectation of that which is promised by novelty and change. The loud cry of ten thousand teachers of justice and worship, that cry which masters the *Borgias* and *Catlines* of the world, and guards from devastation the best works of God—

"Magnâ testantur voce per orbem

Discite justitiam moniti et non temere divos."

He turns the tables on the Episcopal Reformers:—"The Bishops and Commissioners wanted a fund to endow small Livings; they did not touch a farthing of their own incomes, only distributed them a little more equally; and proceeded lustily at once to confiscate Cathedral property. But why was it necessary, if the fund for small Livings was such a paramount consideration, that the future Archbishops of Canterbury should be left with two palaces, and £15,000 per annum? Why is every future Bishop of London to have a palace in Fulham, a house in St. James's Square, and ten thousand pounds a year? Could not all the Episcopal functions be carried on well and effectually with the half of these incomes? Is it necessary that the Archbishop of Canterbury should give feasts to Aristocratic London; and that the domestics of the Prelacy should stand with swords and bag-wigs round pig, and turkey, and venison, to defend, as it were, the Orthodox gastronome from the fierce Unitarian, the fell Baptist, and all the famished children of Disent?"

Here is a picture in his best style:—"Frequently did Lord John meet the destroying Bishops: much did he commend their daily heap of ruins; sweetly did they smile on each other, and much charming talk was there on meteorology and catarrh, and the particular Cathedral they were pulling down at each period; [What Cathedral are we pulling down to-day?] was the standing question at the Commission, till one fine day the Home Secretary, with a voice more bland, and a look more ardently affectionate, than that which the masculine mouse bestows on his nibbling female, informed them that the Government meant to take all the Church property into their own hands, to pay the rates out of it, and deliver the residue to the rightful possessors. Such an effect, they say, was never before produced by a *coup de théâtre*. The Commission was separated in an instant: London clenched his fist; Canterbury was hurried out by his Chaplains, and put into a warm bed; a solemn vacancy spread itself over the face of Gloucester; Lincoln was taken out in strong hysterics. What a noble scene Serjeant Talfourd would have made of this! Why are such talents wasted on *Ion* and the *Athenian Captive*?"

Again:—"There is some safety in dignity. A Church is in danger when it is degraded. It costs mankind much less to destroy it when an institution is associated with mean, and not with elevated ideas. I should like to see the subject in the hands of H. B. I would entitle the print—'The Bishops' Saturday Night; or, Lord John Russell at the pay-table.'

"The Bishops should be standing before the pay-table, and receiving their weekly allowance; Lord John and Spring Rice counting, ringing, and biting the sovereigns, and the Bishop of Exeter insisting that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had given him one which was not weight. Viscount Melbourne, in high chuckle, should be standing, with his hat on, and his back to the fire, delighted with the contest; and the Deans and Canons should be in the background, waiting till their turn came, and the Bishops were paid; and among them a Canon, of large composition, urging them on not to give way too much to the Bench. Perhaps I should add the President of the Board of Trade, recommending the truck principle to the Bishops, and offering to pay them in hassocks, cassocks, aprons, shovel hats, sermon cases, and such like ecclesiastical gear."

We cannot omit his portraits of Viscount Melbourne and Lord John Russell. Let us take the head of the late Whig government first:—"But if the truth must be told, our Viscount is somewhat of an impostor. Everything about him seems to betoken careless desolation; any one would suppose from his manner that he was playing at chuck-farthing with human happiness; that he was always on the heel of pastime; that he would giggle away the Great Charter, and decide by the method of tee-totum whether my Lords the Bishops should or should not retain their seats in the House of Lords. All this is the mere vanity of surprising, and making us believe that he can play with kingdoms as other men can with ninepins. Instead of this lofty nebula, this miracle of moral and intellectual felicity, he is nothing more than a sensible honest man, who means to do his duty to the Sovereign and to the country: instead of being the ignorant man he pretends to be, before he meets the defutation of Tallow Chandlers in the morning, he sits up half the night talking with Thomas Young about melting and skimming, and then, though he has acquired knowledge enough to work off a whole vat of prime Leicester tallow, he pretends next morning not to know the difference between a dip and a mould. In the same way, when he has been employed in reading Acts of Parliament, he would persuade you that he has been reading *Cleghorn on the Beatitudes*, or *Pickler on the Nine Difficult Points*. Neither can I allow to this Minister (however he may be irritated by the denial) the extreme merit of indifference to the consequences of his measures. I believe him to be conscientiously alive to the good or evil that he is doing, and that his caution has more than once arrested the gigantic projects of the Lycurgus of the Lower House. I am sorry to hurt any man's feelings, and to brush away the magnificent fabric of levity and gaiety he has reared; but I accuse our Minister of honesty and diligence; I deny that he is careless or rash: he is nothing more than a man of good understanding, and good principle, disguised in the eternal and somewhat wearisome affectation of a political Rôuë."

"Lord John Russell gives himself great credit for not having confiscated Church property, but merely remodelled and redivided it. I accuse that excellent man not of plunder, but I accuse him of taking the Church of England, reeling it about as a cook does a piece of dough with a rolling-pin, cutting a hundred different shapes with all the plastic fertility of a confectioner, and without the most distant suspicion that he can ever be wrong, or ever be mistaken; with a certainty that he can anticipate the consequences of every possible change in human affairs. There is not a more honest nor a better man in England than Lord John Russell; but his worst failure is, that he is utterly ignorant of all moral fear: there is nothing he would not undertake. I believe he would perform the operation for the stone—build St. Peter's—or assume (with or without ten minute's notice) the command of the Channel Fleet; and

no one would discover by his manner that the patient had died—the Church tumbled down—and the Channel Fleet been knocked to atoms."

Sydney Smith's last writings were, a Pamphlet against the Ballot, a Letter on Imprisonment in Railway Carriages, and a Letter on Pennsylvania Bonds. They exhibit all the power, sarcasm, wit, and logic which distinguish his earliest productions. Like Cobbett, he preserved his freshness and originality to the last. "Railroad travelling," he observes, "is a delightful improvement of human life. Man is become a bird; he can fly longer and quicker than a Solan goose. The mamma rushes sixty miles in two hours to the aching finger of her conjugating and declining grammar boy. The early Scotchman scratches himself in the morning mists of the north, and has his porridge in Piccadilly before the setting sun. The Puseyite priest, after a rush of one hundred miles, appears with his little volume of nonsense at the breakfast of his bookseller. Everything is near, everything is immediate—time, distance, and delay are abolished. But, though charming and fascinating as all this is, we must not shut our eyes to the price we shall pay for it. There will be, every three or four years, some dreadful massacre—whole trains will be hurled down a precipice, and two hundred or three hundred persons will be killed on the spot. There will be, every now and then, a great combustion of human bodies, as there has been at Paris."

The following note from the canon of St. Paul's, has found its way into the French papers. It was addressed to M. Eugene Robin but a few months before his death. "I am seventy-four years old, and being canon of St. Paul's in London, and a rector of a parish in the country, my time is divided equally between town and country. I am living amidst the best society in the metropolis, am at ease in my circumstances, in tolerable health, a mild Whig, a tolerating Churchman, and much given to talking, laughing, and noise. I dine with the rich in London and physic the poor in the country, passing from the sauces of Dives to the sores of Lazarus. I am upon the whole an happy man, have found the world an entertaining world, and am heartily thankful to Providence for the part allotted to me in it."

We now draw near to the end: and, as it has been pointedly observed, the name of SYDNEY SMITH for the first time becomes associated with gloom! He died full of years and honours, and has left a name behind him which will long be remembered by the admirers of genius and the friends of liberty. Peace to the manly soul that sleepeth! We conclude with the valedictory apostrophe with which he closes Peter Plymley's letters—

LONGUM VALE!

MARSTON; OR. THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN. PART XVI.

The insurrection had broken out; there could now be no scepticism on the subject. Some hundreds of armed men were already crowding the grounds in front of the mansion; and from the shouts which rose in every quarter, and still more from the fires which blazed on every hill round the horizon, the numbers of the insurgents must have amounted to thousands. It was evident that we were in a pitfall, and that resistance was only the protraction of a fate which was now inevitable. The shrieks of the females and the despondency of the men, who naturally thought that their last hour was come, were enough to dishearten all resolution. For a few minutes, the only orders which I could give were to bar the doors and close the windows. The multitude, new to hostile enterprises, had till now kept at some distance, warned by their losses in the skirmish with the yeomanry, and probably expecting the arrival of troops. But the sight of our precautions, few and feeble as they were, gave them new courage; and discharges of musketry began to drop their bullets into the midst of our startled assemblage. It is only justice to the national intrepidity to say, that every measure which I proposed for defence was unhesitatingly adopted; and that one of my chief difficulties was to prevent rash sallies, which must have only terminated in loss of life. The short interval now allowed to us was employed in barricading the mansion, which was built almost with the strength of a fortress, and posting every man who could handle a musket or pistol, at the windows. Still I knew that this species of defence could not last long; and my only hope for our lives was, that the firing might bring some of the troops who patrolled the country to our assistance. But the discharges became closer and heavier, and still no sound of succour was to be heard. My situation became more anxious every moment; all looked up to me for their guidance; and though my garrison were brave and obedient, as became the high-spirited sons of Ireland, there seemed the strongest probability that the night would end in a general massacre. Yet there was no faint-heartedness under the roof; our fire was stoutly kept up whenever the assailants came within range; and as I hurried from chamber to chamber to ascertain the condition of our defence and give directions, I found all firm. Still the terrors of the females—the sight of the first women of the province flying for refuge to every corner where they might escape the balls, which now poured into every window; the actual wounds of some, visible by the blood streaming down their splendid dresses; the horror-stricken looks of the groups clinging to each other for hopeless protection; and the actual semblance of death in others fainting on the sofas and floors, and all this under an incessant roar of musketry—made me often wish that I could give way to the gallant impatience of my friends within the mansion, and take the desperate hazard of plunging into the midst of the multitude.

But a new danger awaited us; a succession of shrieks from one of the upper apartments caught my ear, and on rushing to the spot, and forcing my way through a crowd of women half frantic with alarm, I saw some of the outbuildings, immediately connected with the mansion, wrapped in a sheet of fire. The insurgents had at last found out the true way to subdue our resistance; and we obviously had no alternative but to throw ourselves on their mercy, or die with arms in our hands. Yet, to surrender was perhaps only to suffer a more protracted death, degraded by shame; and when I looked round me on the helplessness of the noble and beautiful women around me, and thought of the agony which must be felt by us on seeing them thrown into the power of the assassins who were now roaring with triumph and vengeance, I dismissed all thoughts of submission at once, and determined to take the chances of resistance while any man among us had the power to draw a trigger. In rushing through the mansion, to make its defenders in the front aware of the new misfortune which threatened us, I happened to pass through the ball-room, where the corpse of its noble and brave master was. One figure was standing there, with his back to me, and evidently gazing on the body. All else was solitary. Of all the friends, guests, and domestics, not one had remained. Loud as were the shouts outside, and constant as was the crashing of the musketry, I could hear a groan, which seemed to come from the very heart of that lonely bystander. I sprang towards him; he turned at the sound of my step, and, to my surprise, I saw the face of the man whose share in the insurrection I had so singularly ascer-

tained. I had a loaded musket in my hand, and my first impulse, in the indignation of the moment, was to discharge its contents through his heart. But he looked at me with a countenance of such utter dejection, that I dropped its muzzle to the ground, and demanded, "What had brought him there at such a time?" "This!" he exclaimed, pointing to the pallid form on the sofa. "To that man I owed every thing. To his protection, to his generosity, to his nobleness of heart, I owed my education, my hopes, all my prospects in life. I should have died a thousand deaths rather than see a hair of his head touched—and now, there he lies." He sank upon his knees, took the hand of the dead, and wept over it in agony.

But I had no leisure to wait upon his remorse; the volleys were pouring in, and the glare of the burning buildings showed me that the flames were making fearful progress. "This," said I, "is your work. This murder is but the first fruits of your treason; probably every life in this house is destined to butchery within the hour." He sprang on his feet. "No, no," he cried, "we are not murderers. This is the frenzy of the populace. Regeneration must not begin by massacre."

The thought suddenly struck me that I might make his fears, or his compunctions, at the moment available.

"You are at my mercy," said I. "I might justly put you to death at the instant, as a rebel, in the fact; or I might deliver you up to the law, when your fate would be inevitable. I can make no compromise. But, if you would make such atonement to your own conscience as may be found in undoing a part of the desperate wrong which you have done, go out to those robbers and murderers who are now thirsting for our blood, and put a stop to their atrocities if you can; save the lives of those in the house; or, if you cannot, die in the only attempt which can retrieve your memory."

He looked at me with a lacklustre eye for a moment, and uttered a few wild words, as if his mind was wandering. I sternly repeated my demand, and at length he agreed to try his influence with the multitude. I threw open the door, and sent him out, adding the words—"I shall have my eye upon you. If I find you swerve, I shall fire at you, in preference to any other man in the mob. We shall die together." He went forth, and I heard his recognition by the rebels, in their loud shouts, and their heavier fire against our feeble defences. But, after a few moments, the shouting and the fire ceased together. There was a pause; from its strangeness after the tumult of the last hour, scarcely less startling than the uproar. They appeared to be deliberating on his proposition. But while we remained in this suspense, another change came; loud altercations were heard; and the pause was interrupted by a renewed rush to the assault. We now looked upon all as hopeless, and expected only to perish in the flames, which were rolling in broad sheets over the roof of the mansion. There was no symptom of faint-heartedness among us; but our ammunition was almost exhausted, and every countenance was pale with despair; another half hour, and our fate must be decided. In this extremity with every sense wound up to its utmost pitch, I thought that I heard the distant trampling of cavalry. It came nearer still. There was evident confusion, among the rebels. At length a trumpet sounded the charge, and a squadron of horse rushed into the lawn, sabring and firing among the multitude. The struggle was fierce, but brief; and before we could unbarr the doors, and burst out to take a part in the *melee*, all was done; the rebels had fled, the grounds were cleared, and the dragoons were gathering their prisoners.

All was now congratulation; and I received thanks from gallant lips, and from bright eyes, which might have flattered one fonder of flattery. All imputed their safety to the address with which I had employed the feelings of the rebel leader. But for the pause produced by his presence, all must have perished. It had given time for the cavalry to come up; they having been bewildered in crossing the country, and floundering through the wretched by-roads which then formed the disgrace of Ireland. Life is a chapter of accidents; and even their arrival had been a matter of accident. An aide-de-camp of the viceroy had been sent in search of me with despatches: the officer in command at the next town had persuaded him much against his will, to take as his escort one of the night patrols of horse; and thus were saved a hundred and fifty lives of the first personages of the province. By morning the mansion, and all within it, would probably have been embers.

The aide-de-camp's despatches were sufficiently alarming. The lord-lieutenant had received from England details of the intended insurrection. The privy council had been summoned, and the usual commands issued to keep the troops throughout the country on the alert; but the information was still so imperfect, the skill of the conspirators was so adroitly exerted in keeping their secret, and the outcry of the powerful parliamentary Opposition was so indignant and contemptuous at the remotest hint of popular disaffection, that the Government was virtually paralysed.

But the question was now decided; the scene which I had just witnessed unapplyingly left no room for doubt, and I determined to set off for the metropolis without delay. I had no sooner expressed my intention, than I was assailed on all hands with advice, and even with entreaties, to postpone my journey until the flight of the rebels was fully ascertained, or at least till daylight gave me a better chance of personal safety. But every moment now seemed to me more precious than the last; and, breaking through a circle of the noble and the fair, I threw myself on my horse, and with the aide-de-camp and a couple of dragoons for my escort, soon left the whole scene of entreaty and terror, sorrow and triumph, behind.

We rode hard through the night, observing frequent signs of the extended insurrection, in fires on the mountains, and the gatherings of peasantry on the roads—sometimes compelled to turn out of our way, by the evidence of their being armed and in military organization; and at others dashing through the groups, and taking them by surprise. A few shots fired at random or the rage and roar of the crowd as we scattered them right and left in our gallop, were all that belonged to personal adventure; and when the dawn showed us from one of the hills round the capital the quiet city glittering in the first sunshine, all looked so lovely and so tranquil, that it required the desperate recollections of the night to believe in the existence of a vast and powerful combination, prepared to cover the land with burning and blood.

Within a few hours after my arrival, the privy council assembled; my intelligence was received as it deserved; it decided the wavering, and gave increased determination to the bold. Still, our sitting was long and anxious. The peril was now undeniable, but the extent, the object, and the remedy were alike obscure. It is not, of course, within my purpose to reveal the secrets of councils, in which all is transacted under the deepest bond of confidence; but it may be fairly told, that our deliberations often completely reversed the proverb, that "In the multitude of councillors there is safety," if by safety is meant either promptitude or penetration.

But there was one man among them, who would have distinguished himself in any council upon earth. He was a lawyer, and holding the highest office of

his profession. But his ambition was still higher than his office, and his ability was equal to his ambition. Bold by nature, and rendered bolder by the constant success of his career, he would have been a matchless minister in a despotic government. Living under the old régime of France, the laurels of a Richelieu or a Mazarin might have found a formidable competitor in this man of daring and decision. He wanted but their scale of action, to have exhibited all their virtues, and perhaps all their vices.

At the bar, his career had been one of unexampled rapidity. He had scarcely appeared, when he burst through the crowd, and took the stand to which all the dignities of the profession seem the natural inheritance. He had scarcely set his foot on the floor, before he overtopped the bench. But the courts of justice were too narrow for him. It was in Parliament that he found the true atmosphere for his loftiness of flight, and keenness of vision. At that time the study of public speaking had become a fashion, and the genius of the country, singularly excited, always ardent, and always making its noblest efforts under the spell of public display, exhibited the most brilliant proofs of its title to popularity. But in the very blaze of those triumphs, the Attorney-general showed that there were other weapons of public warfare, not less original and not less triumphant. No orator, and even no rhetorician, he seemed to despise alike the lustre of imagination and the graces of language. But he substituted a force, that often obtained the victory over both. Abrupt, bold, and scornful, his words struck home. He had all the power of plain things. He brought down no lightning from the heaven of invention, he summoned no flame from below; but the torch in his hand burned with withering power, and he wielded it without fear of man. By constitution haughty, his pride actually gave him power in debate. Men, and those able men too, often shrank from the conflict with one whose very look seemed to warn them of their temerity. But to this natural faculty of overthrow he added remarkable knowledge of public life, high legal repute, and the incomparable advantage of his early training in a profession which opens out the recesses of the soul, habitually forces imposture into light, and cross examines the villain into reluctant veracity. There never was in Parliament a more remorseless or more effectual hand, in stripping off the tinsel of political pretension. His logic was contemptuous, and his contempt was logical. His blows were all straightforward. He wasted no time in the flourish of the sword; he struck with the point. Even to the most powerful of his opponents this assault was formidable. But with the inferior ranks of Opposition, he threw aside the sword and assumed the axe. Obviously regarding them as criminals against common sense and national policy, he treated them as the executioner might treat culprits already bound to the wheel, measuring the place for his blows with the professional eye, and crushing limb after limb at his leisure. The imperfect reports of debating in his day, have deprived parliamentary recollection of the most memorable of those great displays. But their evidence is given in the fact, that with the most numerous, powerful, and able Opposition of Ireland in his front, and the feeblest Ministerial strength behind him, the Attorney-general governed the parliament until the hour when its gates were closed for ever—when its substance was dissipated into thin air, and all but its memories sank into the remorseless grave.

In the House of Lords, as chancellor, he instantly became the virtual viceroy. It is true, that a succession of opulent and accomplished noblemen every two or three years, were transmitted from Whitehall to the Castle, to pillow themselves upon a splendid sinecure, rehearse an annual King's speech, exhibit the acknowledged elegance of noble English life, and, having given the destined number of balls and suppers, await the warrant of a secretary's letter to terminate their political existence. But the chancellor was made of "sterner stuff." His material was not soluble by a blast of ministerial breath. Not even the giant grasp of Pitt would have dared to pluck the sceptre from his hand. If struck, he might have answered the blow as the flint answers by fire. But the premier had higher reasons for leaving him in the possession of power; he was pure. In all the uproar of public calumny, no voice was ever heard impeaching his integrity; with the ten thousand arrows of party flying round him from every quarter, none ever found a chink in his ministerial mail. He loved power, as all men do who are worthy of it. He disdained wealth, as all men do who are fitted to use it. He scorned the popularity of the day, as all men do who know the essential baseness of its purchase; and aspiring after a name in the annals of his country, like all men to whom it is due—like them, he proudly left the debt to be discharged by posterity.

The chancellor was not without his faults. His scorn was too palpable. He despised too many, and the many too much. His haughtiness converted the perishable and purchasable malice of party, into the "study of revenge, immortal hate." When he struck down an opponent in the fair strife of Parliament, his scorn was like poison in the wound, and the blow was never forgotten but in the grave. But as a statesman, his chief and unconquerable misfortune was the narrowness of his scene of action. He was but the ruler of a province, while his faculties were fitted for the administration of an empire. His errors were the offspring of his position. He was the strong man within four walls; by the very length of his stride striking against them at every step, and bruised by the very energy of his impulse against his hopeless boundaries.

At length a time of desperate trial arose. The Rebellion of 1798 burst out. He had foreseen it. But the men of the Castle, lolling on their couches, would not believe in its possibility. The men of the populace, stirring up the rabble at the point of the dagger, derided him as a libeller of the people; and even the Government of England—too anxiously engaged in watching the movements of the French legions from the heights of Dover, to have time for a glance at disturbers behind the Irish Channel—for a time left him to his fate. But he was equal to the emergency. He had been scoffingly called "the Cassandra of the aristocracy;" but he had neither the fortunes nor the failures of a Cassandra; he had not forfeited his virtues for his gift, and his prophecy was too soon and too terribly realized to be disbelieved. Of such times it is painful to speak, but of the men by whom such times are met, it is dishonourable not to speak with homage. Almost abandoned by authority, assailed almost by a nation, with the ground shaking under his feet, and the whole frame of Government quivering at every roar of the multitude in arms, he stood the shock, and finally restored the country. Language like this has not been the first tribute to the memory of this ardent, vigorous, and unshrinking statesman. But its chief use, and the noblest use of all tributes to the tomb of civil heroism, is to tell others by what strength or principle, and by what perseverance of purpose, the rescue of nations is alone to be achieved. In the midst of alarm excited by the extent of the revolt, of ignorance from the novelty of the crisis, and of indecision from the dread of responsibility, he stood firm. The original audacity of his nature was even strengthened by the perils of the time; and with the whole storm of unpopularity roaring round him, he sternly pursued his

course, and combated the surge, until it sank, and the state vessel neared, if it did not yet enter, the harbour.

It is the natural fate of such men, in such times, to be misunderstood, and to be maligned. The libel which cast every stone within its reach at his living name, long continued to heap them on his grave. But all this has passed away, and the manlier portion of his countrymen now appeal to the administration of the "Great Chancellor," in proof of the national capacity for the highest trusts of empire.

Why has not the history of this man, and of his day, been written? Why has not some generous spirit, impelled alike by a sense of patriotism, adopted this argument for the intellectual opulence and moral energy which may still exist in the Irish mind? Is there no descendant to claim the performance of a duty, which would reflect a lustre on himself from the light which his filial piety planted on the sepulchre? Or why are the recollections of rebels to be taken down from the gibbet, and embalmed in history, while the name of him who smote the rebellion is suffered to moulder away?

I am not writing a panegyric. He had his infirmities; his temper was too excitable, and his measures were too prompt for prudence. But his heart was sound, and his spirit was made for the guidance of a state in the hour of its danger. If a feebler mind had then presided in the public councils, Ireland, within a twelve-month, would have been a republic; and in every hour since, would have been agonizing under the daggers of rival factions, or paying the fearful price of her frenzy in indissoluble chains.

GARDEN FAVOURITES.

'One does not now hear,' says Bose, 'of 20 000 francs being given for a tulip: of a florist depriving himself of his food, in order to increase the number and variety of his anemones, or passing entire days in admiring the colours of a ranunculus, the grandeur of a hyacinth, or trembling lest the breath of an over-curious admirer should hurt the bloom of an anemula.' Certainly not; but cool and calculating as we of the nineteenth century are, it may at least be matter of curiosity to glance at the history of some of these favourites, and to learn the extravagant prices which they frequently brought during the period of their ascendancy. And first of the hyacinth, whose fibrous rooted bulb and delicate blossoms are now adorning the crystal vases of our parlours and drawing-rooms.

The *Hyacinth*, which belongs to the same natural order as the lily and tulip, is a native of the Levant; but has been cultivated in Britain for nearly three hundred years. It is in Holland, however, that the plant is reared in perfection, the florists of that country carrying on a regular trade in the bulb, and using every effort and device to increase the varieties. Mr. Knight, who travelled in the bulb district in 1830, saw more than a hundred acres of hyacinths in bloom between Leyden and Haarlem; and some of these bloomestries had been established for upwards of a century. At first, only single hyacinths were cultivated, but about the middle of last century attention was paid to double flowers; and some of the earliest of these varieties brought the high price of 1000 florins, or £100 per bulb. As the art of cultivation improved, so rose the mania to possess rare varieties, and as much as £200 has been known to be given for a single root. The passion for this, as well as for many of our older favourites, has long since declined: other exotic novelties have taken their place; and it is now rarely that we hear of more than £8 or £10 being given for the finest hyacinth. The ordinary price for good bulbs is indeed seldom beyond eight or ten shillings; and what are called common mixtures may be had, as imported, for £2 or £3 per hundred. The criterion of a fine double hyacinth, according to the *Botanical Magazine*, is as follows:—The stem should be strong, tall, and erect, supporting numerous large bells, each suspended by a short and strong peduncle, or footstalk, in a horizontal position, so that the whole may have a compact pyramidal form, with the crown or uppermost part perfectly erect. The flowers should be large, and perfectly double; that is, well filled with broad bold petals, appearing to the eye rather convex than flat or hollow; they should occupy about one half the stem. The colours should be clear and bright, whether plain red, white, or blue, or variously intermixed and diversified in the eye; the latter, it must be confessed, gives additional lustre and elegance to this beautiful flower. Strong bright colours are in general preferred to such as are pale.

Tulips.—These fine showy plants are considered to be natives of the Levant, and are very common in Syria and Persia, where they are known by the name of *thouhyban*, from which our word is evidently derived. The Persian word also signifies a turban, and was probably applied to the tulip on account of the resemblance between the form of the flower and that article of dress. It was first brought into Europe in 1554 by Busbequius; and Conrad Gesner describes it as blooming in gardens at Augsburg in 1559. The period of its introduction into England is uncertain; but Gerard, in his *Herbal*, 1597, speaks of it in the following manner:—"My loving friend, Mr. James Garret, a curious searcher of simples, and learned apothecary in London, hath undertaken to find out, if it were possible, the infinite sorts by diligent sowing of their seeds, and by planting those of his own propagation, and by others received from his friends beyond the seas for the space of twenty years, not being yet able to attain to the end of his travail, for that each new year bringeth forth new plants of sundry colours not before seen; all which, to describe particularly, were to roll Sisyphus' stone, or number the sands." Though the tulip was somewhat earlier cultivated on the continent, it was not till about the middle of the seventeenth century that it reached the meridian of public favour; and then, what had hitherto been an object of legitimate regard among gardeners and amateurs, became in the Netherlands a source of extensive gaming and mad speculation. To such a height did the passion for tulips arrive in 1637, that at a public auction which took place at Alkmaar, one hundred and twenty bulbs were sold for £7875, and one sort alone, the viceroy, was exchanged for articles valued at 2500 florins—£190! Beckmann, in his *History of Inventions*, gives an account of this tulipomania, during which tulip bulbs were sold and resold after the manner of stocks on the stock exchange of our own country. "The species *Semper Augustus*," says he, "has been often sold for 2000 florins; and it once happened that there were only two roots of it to be had, one at Amsterdam, the other at Haarlem. For a root of this species one agreed to give 4600 florins, together with a new carriage, two gray horses, and a complete harness! Another agreed to give twelve acres of land for a root. Those who had not ready money, promised their moveable and immoveable goods, house and lands, cattle and clothes. The trade, in which 60,000 florins were sometimes cleared in one month, was followed not only by mercantile people, but also by the first noblemen, citizens of every description, mechanics, seamen, farmers, turf diggers, chimney-sweepers, footmen, maid-servants, and old clothes women. At first every one won, and no one lost. Some of the poorest people gained in a few months houses, coaches and horses, and figured away like the first characters

in the land. In every town some tavern was selected, which served as a 'Change, where high and low traded in flowers, and confirmed their bargains with the most sumptuous entertainments. They formed laws for themselves, and had notaries and clerks.'

The object of these speculations, however, had nothing to do with the desire to possess or cultivate the plant; it was a mere gaming for money, and totally unconnected with the feelings which prompted the first purchasers. It was a theme which drove the grave, the prudent, the ponderous Dutchman as wild as ever did the South Sea Bubble his more excitable and less calculating brother, John Bull. 'A speculator,' continues our authority, 'often offered and paid large sums for a root which he never received, and never wished to receive. Another sold roots which he never possessed or delivered. Oft did a nobleman purchase of a chimney-sweep tulips to the amount of 2000 florins, and sold them at the same time to a farmer; and neither the nobleman, chimney-sweep, nor farmer, had roots in their possession, or wished to possess them. Before the tulip season was over, more roots were sold and purchased, bespoke and promised to be delivered, than in all probability were to be found in the gardens of Holland; and when *Semper Augustus* was not to be had, which happened twice, no species was oftener purchased and sold. In the space of three years, more than 10,000,000 florins were expended in this trade in only one town in Holland.' The bubble, however, burst at last: the ultimate purchasers failed to meet the demands made upon them, and as many were then ruined as had previously made fortunes. The Dutch government interfered, and a decree was passed, ordering that every seller should produce and offer his bulbs to the purchaser, and in the event of the latter refusing to receive them, the vender had it in his power to retain his tulips, and sue for damages. This laid the axe to the root of the tulipomania of the Netherlands; but the passion for the flower from which the mania arose still continues to influence the floriculturists of that country, who are, without doubt, the best bulb-growers in the world. The taste for tulips in England appears to have arrived at its climax about the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries; and they still remain flowers of considerable value among florists; for, according to Mr. Hogg, a moderate collection of choice bulbs cannot now be purchased for a sum much less than L.1000, at the usual prices.

In its habit and structure, the tulip is closely allied to the lily, and is therefore ranked under the natural order *Liliaceæ*; by some botanists it is itself regarded as the type of the order, which is then known by the name of *Tulipaceæ*. In cultivation, tulips are classified according to the character of their perianth or floral portions thus:—1. *Byblæmens*, such as have a white ground variegated with purple, the edges well feathered, the leaflets of the perianth erect—the whole forming a well shaped cup; 2. *Bizzures*, having a yellow ground, variegated with scarlet, purple, rose, or velvet, and well feathered round the edge; 3. *Roses* with white ground, variegated with rose colour, scarlet, or crimson; and, 4. *Sels*, or plain coloured tulips of a white or yellow ground, without any marks. As it is solely for ornament that the tulip is reared in our gardens, the great object of florists, for nearly three centuries, has been variety, rarity and delicacy of penciling, and perfection of form. For these ends tulips seem to possess a peculiar adaptation; and thus at the present moment we have, by carefully selecting and crossing, a variety and exuberance of colouring which is almost inconceivable. Nor is it to be presumed that this Protean power in the tulip is exhausted: we know as little of the limits of vegetable adaptation as we know of the cause which determines the form of the leaf or the colour of the blossom.

Dahlias.—'These splendid plants,' says Maund, 'are natives of Spanish America, and though noticed by the Spaniards about the middle of the seven-teenth century, did not attract much attention till they had flowered at Madrid in 1790, when Cavanilles described them in the first volume of his *Icones*. In 1802 he sent plants to Paris, where they were successfully cultivated by M. Thoin, who shortly afterwards published coloured figures, and a description of them. The first introduction of the dahlia into England was by the Marchioness of Bute in 1789; but the plants, it may be presumed, were soon lost. In 1802 and 1803 others were sent from Paris, and in 1804 seeds from Madrid; yet for several years they were scarcely heard of amongst us. Their habits being unknown, their increase was slow, whilst on the continent innumerable and splendid varieties were produced; so that, after the peace in 1814, they were poured upon us in all the variety of their present tints; exciting the astonishment of every beholder, and the joy of those who could number such beauties amongst their own collections. Since that time they have been rapidly increased and improved, and England can now boast of varieties as superb as any in the world.' The dahlia takes its name from Andrew Dahl, a Swedish botanist, and ought to be pronounced with a *d* open, as in far, to distinguish it from a very different genus, *dileia*, called after our own countryman, Dale. It belongs to the natural order *Compositæ*, and is now so common, that anything like minute description is unnecessary. 'In form and stature,' says a recent writer, 'it is a Proteus; in tints it is a vegetable prism. Neither are the form nor colours constant in the same individual. The first flowers will be single and of one colour, and the last double and of another hue; and such is the versatility of the self-colour of a parent, that its seedlings will be edged, or striped, or blotched, and altogether as unlike the mother as change of colour can make them.' We are not aware of a blue variety having been reared; and according to De Candolle, the production of such a hue in the dahlia is impossible.

Ranunculuses and *Anemones*, which have long been favourites in our gardens, both belong to the same natural order, *Ranunculaceæ* of which the common yellow crowfoot of our meadows is the type and representative. The garden ranunculus belongs originally to the milder climates of the Mediterranean, but has been cultivated in England for nearly three centuries. Gerard reared them in 1594; Parkinson, in 1629, enumerates eight varieties; and Ray, in 1665, increases the list to twenty-five. It was not, however, till between the middle and end of last century that ranunculuses reached their meridian in England, when hosts of new sorts were reared, and florists, as Bosc informs us, became absolute idolaters of the beauty and variety of their colouring. The anemone is a native of the same region as the ranunculus, and was brought into England from Italy about the end of the sixteenth century. Like most other plants, the anemone in its wild state, has its flowers single; but the corolla can be multiplied almost indefinitely by the conversion of its stamens and pistils into petals, under a judicious system of culture. Both the Dutch and English florists have excelled in this course, the former indeed having some times reared varieties with stems half a yard in height, and with blossoms six inches across. The anemone derives its name from a Greek word signifying wind-flower, an appellation actually bestowed upon it by our ancestors, from the circumstance of its naturally growing on open plains or exposed situations, where its feathery grains produce a singular shining appearance when waved by the breeze. The single-leaved varieties are generally known as *poppy ane-*

mones, and the double sorts as the garden, star, or broad leaved anemones. When first introduced, there were only a few species, but now art has so increased the varieties of this light and graceful favourite, that florists have ceased to distinguish them by individual names. The colours of the ranunculus and anemone are clear, rich, and brilliant, partaking of almost every hue—are either in single uniform tints, or mottled with stripes and patches.

The *Auricula* belongs to the *Primulaceæ* or Primrose tribe, and is found wild on the Swiss and Tyrolean Alps, and on the Caucasian and other mountain ranges of Southern Europe. It was early cultivated in Britain under the name of bears' ears or mountain cowslips; and even in 1768 a gardener near Colchester is said to have reared them in such perfection, that he could boast of not fewer than 133 flowers on a single stem. England, indeed, seems to have carried the palm for the cultivation of auriculas; for about a hundred years ago we used to supply the Dutch florists, though they at an after period re-supplied us with the progeny of our own flowers. The plant is certainly worthy of all the care that has been bestowed upon it; and the more so, that it is as often found gladdening the tiny front plot or window-sill of the artisan, as the flower garden of the rich and great. The colours of the flower, in its wild state, are yellow, purple, and variegated; but these can be broken by cultivation into a vast variety of hues—yellow, purple, red, scarlet, and blush coloured, with edgings of gray, green, or white. The delicate velvety texture, which adds so much to the beauty of the auricula, is easily tarnished by wind and rain; hence the great care necessary to protect them from stormy weather, and yet afford them that full exposure to light and sun upon which their perfection so much depends. It may strike the uninitiated as an anomaly, that a native of Alpine regions should require so much care and shelter when brought to the less exposed plains of England. The explanation is thus given by Dr. Lindley:—'In Alpine districts, it might be supposed that it experiences intense cold in winter; but this is probably not the fact; for it is covered early in the winter with a thick coat of snow, under which it lies buried till the return of spring, protected from the severest cold, and screened from the stimulating effect of light. When the snow melts, it begins to feel the excitement of brilliant light, and to unfold beneath a pure and equable atmosphere, perpetually refreshed by the breezes that blow over it, and rooting into rich vegetable mould, which is kept continually damp by the melting snow; but never becomes wet, on account of the steepness of the situations in which the plant delights to dwell. Under the same circumstances they flower and perfect their seeds: the drier weather of summer arriving, they cease to grow with vigour, and in autumn have reached a state of complete torpidity.' To imitate these conditions, the cultivator in the plains must have recourse to artificial means; the snow blanket he provides by a frame of glass and ashes, sheltered by mats; the perpetual moisture he supplies by his watering pan; the moistened soil he imitates by a compound of rich mould laid on broken pottery; the light and sunshine he affords them at the proper season, so often as our unstable climate will permit. Even with all this trouble, the care of the florist is not ended. 'The auricula,' says one of the first cultivators, 'must be bred as high as a race-horse, by a corresponding attention to pedigree; and it is for want of this attention to high breeding that so many persons fail to obtain a single good variety from a thousand seedlings.'

Such is the history of some of our commonest garden pets—such the care, and toil, and anxiety which a few comparatively valueless objects of ornament may cost, when vanity, ambition, or emulation is concerned in their production. The above, however, is a mere glimpse at an almost inexhaustible record, from which we may hereafter glean another chapter.

THE LOST NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

BY FRANCES BROWNE.

It was the last day of the year—the last dress of Lady Fitzalbert's costly mourning had just been finished, and the working girls of one of the largest millinery establishments in London were dismissed to seek their distant homes at three o'clock on a December morning. The frost was clear and keen, and the wind, which swept through the now silent and deserted streets, sent a chill to the hearts of that worn-out company, as on they passed by many a noble mansion, and many an ample ware-house. None spoke, for they had talked themselves out in the workroom; none looked up, though the London sky was for once without a cloud, and the stars were shining there as they shone when London was a forest. But heart, and brain, and eye had been exhausted by two days of continued labour, and they thought of nothing but hurrying home to sleep. One after another parted from the group with a murmured good night, as they reached their respective dwellings, till at last none was left but Lucy Lever, whose home happened to be the most distant of all.

Lucy was a young and beautiful girl of eighteen, whose bright blue eyes, golden hair, and fair transparent complexion, might have graced a prouder station. She was the daughter of a poor country tradesman, who had some years before moved to London with his family, in hopes of bettering their fortunes, but died soon after of one of those fatal epidemics which so often visit the poorer habitations of our large towns. The mother had struggled on, through poverty and toil, to have her eldest girl instructed in needlework, and to maintain two younger daughters; but a severe attack of rheumatism, which at length became chronic, had totally unfitted her for her laborious employment as a washerwoman, and the whole burthen of the family support fell upon Lucy, whose small earnings were barely sufficient to keep them from absolute want.

They had one friend in London, the sister of Lucy's mother, who was married to a small shopkeeper, accounted rich among his class; but, like too many of the rich in every class, possessed of a griping and covetous disposition. They had no family, and the man's affections turned so much on saving, that it was only by stealth his wife could afford any little assistance to the pinched and poverty-stricken household of her sister. This, however, she did at times, particularly to Lucy; for the childless woman was much attached to her beautiful niece, and had lately given her the present of a crown to buy what she liked best as a New-Year's gift.

Lucy had not seen so much money to call her own for many a day, as the pressing wants of the family required every penny as soon as it was earned. The crown was therefore carried home, and shown in triumph to her mother, who agreed it would be very useful, but advised Lucy to take it in her pocket to the workroom, that the girls might see she could have money about her as well as other people. She had done so; and now, cold and weary as she was, the young girl could not help taking out the prize to look at it, and thinking how much it would buy, to beguile the way. Ah! blessed power in the heart of youth, to draw streams of joy and comfort from the first mossy rock it can find in the desert of life! Time may have bright things in store for those

who outlive the early darkness of their destiny, but never can bring back the dews of that clouded morning, or the greenness of those blighted springs.

Lucy Léver was but a poor dressmaker's girl; yet she found more pleasure in contemplating that crown than many a monarch can gain from his, as she thought how, after purchasing a cheap shawl for her mother, and pinafores a-piece to the little girls, something might be saved to buy a watch-ribbon, or peradventure a pocket-handkerchief, for William Seymour, a young man of her own station, who had given her a pair of gloves last New Year's day. They had been long acquainted, and report said there was a promise between them; but William had a mother and little sisters to support as well as Lucy, and marriage could not be thought of till better days.

Lucy paused, and put up her crown, but she had now reached the narrow, close, and steep staircase which led to their single room. She knew her mother would be waiting for her, and hastily mounted the steps, but started as the light of an opposite street lamp, which shone into the narrow entrance, fell full on the face and figure of a woman, who rose at the moment from her very feet. She was young as Lucy herself, but much taller, and strikingly handsome, though her face was ghastly pale; and there was in the large dark eyes an expression of great inward suffering; but it seemed past. Lucy was much struck with her appearance, and her wretched clothing for such a night. It consisted of nothing but a soiled muslin cap, an old worn-out calico gown, and shoes for which the lowest pawnbroker would not give a penny.

'Why do you stand looking at me, girl?' demanded the stranger in a low and husky voice, but with a manner commanding and stern. 'Have you never seen a woman in poverty before? But perhaps,' she added in a milder tone, 'you also wish for a seat on the steps?'

'Oh no,' said Lucy; 'I am going home.'

'You have a home, then,' rejoined the woman quickly; 'and so had I once, but never will again.'

'Yes,' said Lucy, alarmed at what she considered symptoms of insanity.

'We live here, and I am a dressmaker's girl.'

'I was a merchant's daughter,' said the woman. 'I had a father and mother, ay, and sisters too.'

'And why are you so poor and lonely now?' said Lucy, who, in spite of her weariness, felt interested in the desolate condition and singular conversation of the stranger.

'I have fallen from my first estate, girl. It is a common story. I loved and trusted, and was betrayed, and now all is past. I have lost one place in life, and have sought for another in vain. But two choices still remain to me, and I am sitting here to deliberate which I shall take.'

'And what are they?' earnestly inquired Lucy.

'The Thames or the streets,' said the woman sullenly, as she once more took her seat on the cold and frosty stones.

Lucy's heart grew sick within her. 'Oh, don't think of the like,' she said. 'Remember the precepts you must have been taught in your better days. Would you destroy yourself both in this world and the next?'

'There is no other choice, girl. I'm starving. For the last week I have sought employment in vain. I have pledged every article on which I could raise anything; and my long black hair, that was braided for many a ball, I have cut it off and sold it for bread. Oh, well, may the miser value money, continued the stranger with energy; 'for half the price of one of the handkerchiefs I used to have would now save me from destruction.'

Lucy stood still, for she could not go. She feared what her mother would say if she ventured to ask the stranger in under such circumstances; but she could not leave the desolate woman there.

'Girl,' said the stranger, after a minute's pause, 'you are the first that has cast a friendly look on me; and will you now, for the sake of charity if you have it, lend me a few shillings, or one, even one—for one would save me?'

Lucy hesitated. She knew that the dressmaker owed her one-and-sixpence, which she could not get that night, because her mistress had no change. She felt her aunt's New-Year's gift in her pocket; but how could she part with it? Oh, if it were morning, for it would be impossible to get change at that hour; but where would the woman be in the morning?

'Lend it to me if you can,' continued the stranger; for Lucy's hand was already in her pocket. 'I will pay you, if ever it is in my power, a thousand-fold.'

Lucy thought of her mother and her little sisters, and then of her aunt, and what she might say; but the woman's dark imploring eye was upon her, and, without another word, she took out the treasured coin, dropped it into her lap, and darted up the steps like one pursued by an enemy. Reader, in the days of the old world's faith, when charity was said to be the key of heaven, that single act might have purchased a passport through many sins, and secured the right of entrance for ever. But Lucy had no such thoughts. When she cast her bread upon those troubled waters, it was with no expectation of finding it again, either in time or eternity. She gave freely from her own heart's impulse, and fled for fear of thanks. When Lucy reached her mother's door she found it closed, but not fastened, and entered without noise. Her two little sisters slept on their low bed in the corner; but they moaned and trembled at times through their sleep, for the cold was too great for their scanty covering. The mother sat still by the hearth, where now only a few embers were flickering. Before her was a table, with a turned-down candle, and some humble preparation for Lucy's supper; but, worn out watching, the poor woman had dropped the little frock she had been mending, leant her head upon the table, and had fallen fast asleep.

'Oh, mother dear, it's late,' said Lucy, gently waking her.

'It is, child; but why did you stay so long? I thought you would never come. But there's some coal here still, and I'll get something warm for you in a minute.'

'Oh, never mind, mother. I'm very sleepy, and will go to bed. But you know,' continued Lucy, 'Lady Fitzalbert wanted her mourning to appear in to-morrow; and as she didn't know which of the dresses she should choose to wear, we had to finish them all.'

'Then, if I were a great lady, I would pay poor girls something over for a hurry.'

'Ay, mother, but there's many a thing great ladies ought to do that they won't,' said Lucy, as she laid aside the last of her garments; and in a few minutes more the over-wrought girl and her mother were both fast asleep.

'It is well you have not to go early to your work to-day,' Lucy said her mother, as the family assembled round their humble breakfast-table at a rather advanced hour in the morning. 'But we have very little bread,'

continued she. 'Did you get the one-and-sixpence, dear, you were speaking of?'

'No, mother, said Lucy; 'Mrs. Simson had no change last night.'

'If you would change that crown your aunt gave you, we might take the price of a loaf out of it and make it up again,' said her mother.

'O yes, Lucy,' cried the two little girls, speaking together, 'and tell us what you will buy with it, for to-morrow's the day, you know.'

This was a great trial to Lucy. She knew not what to say; for her mother was looking to her for the price of a loaf, and she feared to tell her what had been done with the crown. 'I'll go myself, mother,' said she, taking down her well-worn cloak and bonnet. 'Eat you and the children what is in the house till I come back; it won't be long; and be sure I'll not come without a loaf.'

Lucy was down the stairs before her mother could reply, and lost no time in hastening to the dressmaker's, from whom she hoped to obtain at least as much as would supply the present necessity.

'You're just come in time,' said Miss Lucy the fore-woman, in answer to Lucy's good morning; 'for we have got a very large order, and I was about to send for you.'

'Thank you, ma'am,' said Lucy (who, as may have been observed, was one of the living-out girls, as those are called who take their meals at home); 'thank you, ma'am; but I have not got any breakfast yet.'

'No breakfast yet,' said Miss Lucy, who thought herself privileged to make what remarks she pleased on inferiors. 'Bless me, what an idle set you must have at home.'

'My mother's neither idle nor lazy,' said Lucy, while her cheek crimsoned. The last word, inadvertently used by her, was particularly obnoxious to the forewoman, because a thoughtless young lady, whose dress was not finished in time, once, in the hearing of the girls, applied it to her instead of her own name, which in sound it much resembled.

'No lady cares about you or your mother, miss,' said the queen of the work-room, while her eye flashed fire; 'but since you are clever enough to be pert this morning, what is your business here?'

Lucy was young and though a dressmaker's girl, her spirit was still unbroken; and not knowing how she had offended Miss Lucy, she could not help feeling angry at what she considered unprovoked insolence. She therefore answered rather proudly that she did not come to quarrel with Miss Lucy but to inquire if it were convenient for Mrs. Simson to give her the trifle she had earned, adding that she would not trouble her but to supply the necessities of the family. The latter part of her speech was unheard by any but the girls in the workroom for Miss Lucy had lounced out in a great passion, but returning in a few minutes, she gave Lucy the money, saying, 'There's all Mrs. Simson owes you, and you need not come here again, for she does not like impertinent people.'

Poor Lucy felt that any remonstrance would be in vain. Though insulted, and probably misrepresented to her employer, she had no redress, and therefore taking the paltry recompense of many a weary hour, which was now the only dependence of the family, she went forth to traverse the crowded streets of London in search of employment. Her heart would indeed have found relief in pouring out its painful feelings to her mother; but fearing the old woman's thoughts might again revert to the crown, she determined, if possible, not to go home without at least the prospect of another situation. The promised loaf, and all that remained of the money, were accordingly sent home by an acquaintance who was going that way, and Lucy requested her to tell her mother she had something to do, and would not get home till the evening.

The winter day wore on; street after street was traversed, milliner after milliner applied to, but all without success. One had as many girls as she could employ, another had all her work done by apprentices, and a third never employed any girl whose character she did not know. Many a question of low curiosity, many an insulting look and censorious remark, were borne by that young searcher 'for leave to toil,' till at length she discovered an establishment where her services were acceptable; but they did only inferior work, and allowed scarcely half the usual remuneration. 'I will come if I can do no better,' said Lucy on hearing the terms.

'Oh do,' answered her proposed mistress, a rather coarse and plain-spoken woman; 'people who can do no better just answer us; and while there are so many depending on the needle, we are always sure to have plenty of them; but remember you must come to-morrow.'

Lucy promised she would; and, through the fast closing night, and a heavy shower of snow, worn out and dispirited she returned home.

'Oh Lucy, child, you are frozen,' cried her mother; 'but did you hear the news?'

'No, mother; what is it?'

'Why, about the Seymours. William was here to-day himself, and told us all. Their rich old aunt in Plymouth is dead, and has left them her fine shop and furnished house, and I can't tell you how much money in the bank; besides, they have got ten pounds—whole ten pounds, to pay their expenses, and take them down decently.'

'It's a great deal of money,' said Lucy; 'but is it long since William was here?'

'Oh no, just an hour ago; and he inquired for you, and said he would call again to-morrow, and bring you a New-Year's gift,' said Sarah, the eldest of the children. 'But have you laid out the crown yet? Ah, Lucy, tell us what did you buy?' Lucy was spared the trouble of answering by her mother's inquiring—'Where have you been, child, all day; for Mary Jenkins told me that she heard you dismissed from Mrs. Simson's.' Bad news travels fast, and Lucy was now obliged to explain to her mother the transactions of the day, and also the situation she had at last obtained. The mother listened with that silent patience which many trials had taught her; but when Lucy mentioned the miserable payment, the natural pride of the old woman rose. 'You went work for that, Lucy,' cried she; 'indeed you went, and you such a capital needlewoman; they ought to give you something more than a common girl.'

'Mother, they do only common work, and would give no more to any one.'

'We'll wait for a day or two, and look out for a better place. Sure you have your aunt's crown; and if the worst should come, we could live ever so long on that.'

'I lost it, mother; I lost it,' said Lucy; but the words nearly stuck in her throat; yet the old woman caught the sound, and springing from her seat with an agility which only the excitement of the moment could give her, she cried, 'Lost, Lucy; did you say you lost your aunt's crown—the whole crown, Lucy?'

Where did you lose it? Tell me, tell me fast, and I'll ask everybody; perhaps Thomas the postman might see it, for he finds everything.

Small things are great to the poor, and Lucy's mother was hurrying to the door to raise a general alarm about the lost crown among her neighbours, who were known to be generally honest and industrious people, when Lucy stopped her. It was the first deceit she had ever practised, and sore were the stings within between her unwillingness to deceive her mother and her fear to tell her the truth. Yet it was not a storm of angry reproaches which she dreaded; it was the reproving look of that sad patient face—it was the sight of her little sisters pinched and pining from day to day on her reduced earnings, whilst they knew that she had given away what might have purchased so many comforts for them all. Her aunt, too, kind as she was, was a woman of most violent temper, and should the story come to her ears, it might have had consequences for the family. These terrors prevailed, and grasping the old woman's skirt, she cried, 'Stay, mother, stay; the money is lost, and will never be found; there is no use in making a noise about it.'

'You're not sure of that, child; some of the neighbours might find it. Do let me go and tell them.'

'Oh no, mother; I didn't lose it in the neighbourhood.'

'And where, then, child? Do you know the place?'

'I do not, mother; I do not,' said Lucy, drawing her hand across her brow, which now ached and burned between the fatigues of the day and the suffering of the moment; 'but don't mention it to my aunt, and we will try to live without it.' But the mother and little sisters were not so easily satisfied. Question followed question regarding the time, the place, and the manner of her loss. Many were the schemes suggested for its recovery; many an ill contrived falsehood and clumsy excuse had poor Lucy to make in her endeavours to quiet them, and conceal the real cause of the crown's disappearance. At length the mother agreed that it was best not to mention their loss to her neighbours, lest her sister might hear of it, who, she well knew, could never forgive what she would consider Lucy's carelessness of her present. But the old woman kept it as a subject of secret conversation and wonder for herself and the children; and many a search they had in the streets and corners, in the vain hope of discovering the lost treasure. Next morning, when ladies were receiving gifts, and gentlemen presenting them, when friends were wishing each other happy New-Years, and people preparing for parties, Lucy was preparing to enter on her new employment with the same worn cloak and broken bonnet.

There was a quick tap at the door, and a tall good-looking young man, dressed in an unmistakably new suit, stepped into the room: it was William Seymour. 'A happy New-Year, Lucy,' said he; 'it is well I came in time.'

'A happier year to you, William, with all your good fortune,' said Lucy, as her pale face brightened up; for Lucy had grown pale and thin of late. 'But sit down, and tell me is it all true?'

'It is indeed, Lucy,' said William; and he repeated what her mother had told her the evening before, adding some hints 'that one could now please one's self, and a man was never settled in life till fairly married.' But we must go, said he, 'by the Plymouth stage, and I only came to bid you farewell. Farewell, darlings; and William, as he kissed the children, put something into the hand of each.

'A whole sixpence,' cried little Susan, running to her mother.

'And I have got one too,' echoed her sister.

'Oh, William, why do you waste your money with the children?' said Lucy; for the Levers were still a little proud.

But William would not hear that: he shook hands with the mother, hoped her rheumatism would be better when he came back, paused, thrust his hand into his pocket, and seemed as if he would say something more, but got ashamed; and at last asked Lucy if she would see him down stairs. Many a time those same stairs had been their meeting place. Smile not, reader; for, whether amid mountain heath or city smoke, holy are the spots hallowed by our young affections: the exile revisits them in dreams, the old man's memory wanders back to them through many changes, and, it may be, over many graves.

William and Lucy talked long together, with many a promise of letters and many a hope for the future. William vowed to come back with the ring as soon as he could get things settled; and then Lucy would never have to work, nor her mother and little sisters want again. 'They'll all live with us, Lucy,' said he. 'But the times are hard now, and perhaps you can't earn much.' The young man drew out some money as he spoke.

'Oh no, William,' said Lucy, whose womanly pride would not allow her to accept any assistance from him; 'we don't want for anything, and I have got a new situation. Besides, you will have need of all you have to go decently to Plymouth, among such great friends as I know you have there.' William felt half-offended; but he reiterated his promise of returning soon, gave Lucy a new handkerchief to wear for his sake, and a seal with 'Forget-me-not' on it, which she promised to use on all her letters. In return, poor Lucy had nothing to present him with but a braid of her own bright hair tied with a morsel of blue ribbon, for constancy, which William proposed to keep as long as he lived; and so they parted.

Days passed on, as winter days are won't to pass in London, with frost, and fog, and sleet, and rain, and sometimes snow by way of variety. The festivities of the season went on, the fashions came and went, and Lucy Lever toiled on, day after day, and often night after night, for a pittance which scarcely supplied the little family with the necessaries of life. Often did she deprive herself of bread that they might have enough; often did she practise those stratagems which necessity teaches the poor, to make the shortest means go the longest way; but all her exertions would fail at times; and then, like a dagger to Lucy's heart, came her poor mother's repinings for that lost crown. She did not speak of it before Lucy, for she knew the subject was painful; but often, when most pressed by want, she would talk in her sleep like one who searched for something she could not find, and exclaim, 'Oh, if I could come upon poor Lucy's crown.' As the season advanced, coal grew dearer, the clothes of the family were wearing out, and there was no fund to replace them. Their aunt could now afford them no assistance, as her husband had discovered some transactions of the kind, and kept a stricter eye upon her than ever.

But amid all these trials, Lucy had still one source of comfort in the letters of William. Pleasant it was to hear the postman's knock when she chanced to be at home, pleasant to hear her mother's announcement, when she returned late from her weary work, 'Lucy, there is a letter for you to-day.' At first these letters came frequently and regularly, full of true love and vows of unchanging constancy; but by degrees they became less frequent, and spoke more of his own wealth and grandeur, and the fine acquaintances he had found in Plymouth.

Alas! the men of the earth are not the men of our early imaginations. But spring came at last, and London sent forth its thousands to meet her by the broad rivers and the healthy hills, and the tokens of her far-off reign came like

the breath of a distant blessing to the crowded homes of the city poor. The wants of winter were no longer felt; the children went out to play in the retired streets and lanes, and complained no more of their scanty clothing: Lucy had longer days to work, and the walk to her place of labour was more pleasant, for the cold mornings and stormy nights were gone; but to her sleep there came dreams of the green sunny slope where their old cottage stood, and strange yearnings came over her at times to see once more the violet bed at the foot of the green old mossy tree where she had played in childhood; but it was far away in the country, and Lucy must sew for bread. Summer came with its dewy mornings, its glorious days and long lovely twilights, rich with the breath of roses from greenwood dingle and cottage wall; autumn with its wealth of corn, its gorgeous woods, and the pride of its laden orchards; but the seasons brought no change to Lucy, save that her cheek had grown paler, and her step less light. William's letters had grown fewer and colder too, and at length they ceased altogether. Winter returned, and with it came the news that he had married a rich shopkeeper's daughter with good connexions, red hair, five hundred pounds, and a piano.

Lucy heard it and said nothing; but her acquaintances observed that from that time she grew more silent and thoughtful, and never wore a handsome handkerchief which they had always remarked on her neck before. 'Don't go to work to-day, Lucy,' said her mother on a winter morning whose dim light was scarcely visible through one continuous torrent of sleet and rain. 'Don't go to work to-day; you know we have threepence in the house. Oh, child, you're growing pale and thin, and cough so much at night, it breaks my heart to hear you.'

'It's only a cold, mother, and will soon be over.'

'Av, Lucy, but you don't laugh and talk as you used to do when things were as bad with us.'

'I'm growing old, mother, and maybe wiser,' said Lucy as she stepped out, for her employer had warned her to come, as there was a great deal of work in haste to be finished; for common people can be in haste as well as ladies.

'Old,' said the mother to herself; 'God help the girl, and she not nineteen yet!'

Oh, it is a weary thing to feel the grayness of life's twilight coming down upon the heart before we have reached its noon; to see the morning of our days pass from us unenjoyed, and know that it can never return. The evening came, but Lucy didn't arrive; the mother sat up, for she could not sleep: but the night wore away; and when the grey light was breaking, her low knock was heard at the door.

'Come to the fire, Lucy, child; you're wet to the skin.'

'Oh no, mother, let me go to bed; I never was so tired; but this will buy something for to-morrow,' said Lucy, as she put a shilling into her mother's hand.

That shilling was the last of this world's coin that Lucy ever earned. All day they kept the house quiet, that she might sleep; and so she did, except when disturbed by a deep hollow cough which came at short intervals. Next morning Lucy talked of going to work, and tried to rise, but could not. Another day passed, another, and another, till a long week rolled away, and still Lucy grew worse. Meantime the funds of the family were completely exhausted, and the few articles left from better days had been sold to raise money sufficient for the rent.

It was another night of December, clear and cold like that on which our story commenced, and almost as far advanced in the season. There was no light in the Levers' room; the fire had died for want of coals; the children had crept together in a corner, for they had no bed now; the mother sat on the floor, with her head leaning on her knees, close by the bed where Lucy lay as usual without complaint or moan. The old woman slept, and talked to herself in her sleep about the lost crown, which still haunted her memory as a golden one might that of a dethroned monarch. 'There it is—there it is,' said she; 'that's poor Lucy's crown; she lost it this time last year.'

'Mother, mother,' said the girl; for she was wide awake, and the cry was loud enough to waken the mother also. 'Mother, dear, I cannot die and deceive you. Forgive me that one falsehood—I did not lose the coin, but gave it to a starving woman I met on the stairs.'

'Oh, the wicked woman, where is she?' cried the mother, starting up in the darkness, as if her vision of regaining the crown had been realised; but at that moment a loud impatient knock came to the door.

'Open the door, mother; that's the knock of the postman.'

The old woman mechanically did so, and the postman indeed presented himself; for Lucy knew his voice as he called loudly, 'Have you no light here? Here is a letter for Miss Lucy Lever, and a shilling on it.'

'A shilling!' said the mother; 'we have no money.'

'Well, there's money enough in it,' said the postman.

'Money!' said the mother. 'Is it God that's sending money to us?'

'What's that, mother,' said Lucy, raising herself by a great effort in her bed.

'It's money!' cried the mother, rushing to her child; 'it's money, and you'll be saved yet!'

'God be praised, mother!' said the girl, falling back, the old woman thought heavily, upon her breast; 'and take it with thankfulness, for it is the payment of my lost New-Year's gift.'

The postman, who was in some degree acquainted with the family, had by this time procured a light, which he gave with the letter to one of the astonished children, saying he would call for the postage some other time. But some minutes after a wild piercing cry startled the neighbourhood. It came from the Levers' room—and those who rushed in to see what was the matter, found the mother still holding Lucy in her arms; but the girl was dead, and an open letter containing a bank bill for ten pounds lying before her on the floor—the relief had come too late.

By whom it was sent was never known, for the letter merely stated that the money came from one who owed it to Lucy. The mother survived her loss as she had done so many trials; but the hand of poverty never again pressed on her or hers. Further supplies were sent from time to time; and in the following season, the passage of the family to America was paid by the same unknown hand. There, it is said, the mother has at last found a grave, and Sarah and Susan have grown up almost as handsome as their lost sister, and expect to be provided for by the lady who has brought them up, a respectable milliner of New York, who is said to have been the daughter of a London merchant, and the same who received Lucy's Lost New-Year's gift.

BOOKSELLING AFTER THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

Some time between the years 1430 and 1445, there lived in Mayence a rich goldsmith, whose name was John Fust or Faust, the first man who sold a prin-

ted book. His name has always been associated with that of Gutenberg and Schoeffer as one of the inventors of printing; but, as is reasonably to be inferred, erroneously, for in all the evidence with which the annals of typography supply us, he appears as the capitalist by whose pecuniary advances Gutenberg was able to bring his art into practical operation. Having vainly endeavoured to produce good print in Strasburg, after expending a fortune, Gutenberg returned to his native town, Mayence, and opened his mind to Faust. The goldsmith—manifestly a shrewd man of business—saw, from the progress his fellow-citizen had made in his new method of producing books, that the thing was likely to turn out a good speculation, and warmly embarked in it. A partnership was speedily entered into, and in 1445 a printing-press was set up in Mayence, for taking impressions from the wooden blocks with which Gutenberg commenced his art. The goldsmith and his associate worked in secret, and for some time without success; till Peter Schoeffer, an illuminator of manuscripts, and a confidential person in their employ, hit upon the expedient of making moveable metal types by means of punches and matrices. Faust was so delighted with Schoeffer for his ingenuity, that he not only took him into partnership, but gave him his daughter in marriage. This happened in 1452. Much patience and capital were expended even after this advance in the art made by Peter Schoeffer. The first book they tried the new system on was the Latin bible, and before twelve sheets of it had been printed, Gutenberg and Faust had expended upwards of 4000 florins. Still they persevered, and after three years of laborious exertion, the bible was completed.* A good number of this—the first of all first editions—having been struck off ready for the market, the next thing was to devise means for disposing of them, and it was determined that Faust should travel with copies, calling them manuscripts. 'It is certain,' says Lambinet, 'that Faust, Schoeffer, and their partners, sold or exchanged in Germany, Italy, France, and the most celebrated universities, the books which they had printed.' This was a matter of very great difficulty and delicacy. The process by which the books were produced was a secret, which every person whom Gutenberg or Faust took into their employ was bound by oath not to divulge; to say that the bibles were produced otherwise than by the usual plan, would have partly divulged the secret, and it was for that reason that the whole of their work was executed in exact imitation of writing. The bible was printed on parchment, the capital letters illuminated with blue, purple, and gold, after the manner of ancient manuscripts, and they were sold as such at manuscript price—namely sixty crowns.

About the year 1463, Faust set out on a bookselling expedition through Italy, Germany, and finally to Paris, with a stock in trade, consisting chiefly of bibles and psalters. In each place there is every reason to believe he not only busied himself in selling his bibles and psalters, but organised agencies for the sale of his wares in his own absence. Having disposed of as many of his folios as he could to the Parisians at sixty crowns, he—unwisely perhaps—reduced their price, first to forty, and then to twenty crowns. This naturally excited the apprehension and the ire of the *libraires* and scribes, of whom Paris was at that period the head quarters, there being no fewer than six thousand persons who subsisted by copying and illuminating manuscripts. It was not in nature that this large and important body—who held their privileges under the university—should sit tamely by and see a man selling for twenty crowns what they got from sixty to a hundred for. The rapidity with which Faust produced his pseudo-manuscripts, so as to supply the constant demands which his low charges produced on his stock, gave rise to a suspicion that he dealt with the Evil One. This suspicion was strengthened when the transcribers—who were principally monks—set about comparing the various copies of Faust's bibles. They found a degree of resemblance in each of the books—even to the minutest dot—which they concluded could only have been produced by supernatural means. The enmity of the scribes against Faust as an underselling bookseller now threatened to become a religious persecution. The fraud once discovered, however, Faust's case was taken up by the civil power, and he was obliged to fly from Paris, to escape the officers of justice. He returned to Mayence, but found no rest there; wherever he had sold his books, he had of course practised deception, and the agents of justice were equally clamorous for him in his native town. He withdrew to Strasburg.

In the meanwhile, Mayence was taken by storm by Adolphus of Nassau. By this event Faust and Schoeffer's journeymen were dispersed, and deeming themselves absolved from their oath of secrecy, they carried the invention into various parts of Europe, many of them setting up presses of their own. Then, and not till then, Faust made a merit of necessity, and wrote and circulated a work in which he described the whole process by which his books were executed. That there should be no further doubt or ambiguity as to whether the productions of himself and partners were manuscripts or print, he placed at the end of his little book the following colophon or inscription:—'This present work, with all its embellishments, was done, not with the pen and ink, but by a newly invented art of casting letters, printing, &c. by me, John Faust, and my son-in-law, Peter Schoeffer, in the famous city of Mentz upon the Rhine.' In this, as in every other instance, honesty proved to be the best policy; for now that Faust had cleared up the mystery, he was no longer pursued as an impostor; and ultimately we find him in 1466 in Paris, making arrangements for establishing a permanent agency for the sale of the productions of his own and his son-in-law's press. This, as we shall presently see, he effected. In the midst of his labours, however, death overtook him. In that year the plague raged in the French capital, and John Faust fell a victim to it, far away from his home and his friends.

Such is a bare outline of the career of one of the parents of printing, and the sole father of modern bookselling. John Faust (otherwise John *Hand*) was the very reverse of such a necromancer and personal friend of the Evil One as tradition and error have succeeded in picturing him. The truth is, he is often confounded with Jean-Frederic Faust, a charlatan and almanac-maker, who lived about a century after the goldsmith's death, and upon whose history Goethe, the German poet, constructed his celebrated play. Nothing could be more opposite than the characters of the two men: the one a prodding, yet withal liberal and far-sighted tradesman; the other a quack, but one, we may mention, not quite unconnected with the mysteries of the book-trade. To insure his almanacs a large sale, he advertised them as having been annually dictated to him by Beelzebub. The confounding of the two men took its rise most likely from the cunning of the monks, after the Reformation; of

which, there is no question, the diffusion of the bible, by means of the press, was the primary cause.

The venerable goldsmith, printer, and bookseller, did not depart this life till he had placed the Paris agency on a secure footing. The name of the agent he employed was Herman de Statten, and the agency was carried on at the house of one John Guymier.

It happened, unfortunately, that Herman of Statten failed to obtain any legal instrument of naturalisation in France; and when he died—which he did a few years after his master Faust—his effects were confiscated as the property of a foreigner. The books intrusted to him by Schoeffer, and amounting in value to 1100 francs, were included in the confiscation. Schoeffer, however, obtained restitution through the liberality of Louis XI. It is a striking illustration of the value and scarcity of money at that period, that the king of France found it inconvenient to pay the sum—equal only to L. 45, 6s. 8d.—at once; but did so in two yearly instalments!

The distribution of Faust, Schoeffer, and Company's workmen at the siege of Mayence in 1462, began by this time (1470) to operate throughout Europe, by supplying printers to various continental cities. At this early time most printers sold their own books; and if we state the different periods at which printing was introduced into various countries, we shall show also when books of print began to be sold in each place. The first introduction of this invention into Italy was at Subbiaco, in 1465; into Paris, in 1469; into England (Westminster), in 1474; into Spain (Barcelona), in 1475; into Abyssinia, in 1521; into Mexico, in 1550; into the East Indies (Goa), in 1577; into Peru (Lima), in 1586; into North America (Cambridge, Boston, and Philadelphia), in 1640. One of the most active of the German printers and booksellers, between 1473 and 1513, was Ant. Kober, at Nuremberg, who had 24 presses, and nearly 100 workmen in his employ, and kept open shops at Frankfurt, Leipsic, Amsterdam, and Venice, all conducted with the greatest regularity and order. He had on sale not only works of his own publication, but also works of other publishers. At Ulm and Basle there were likewise several booksellers carrying on an extensive trade. The many pilgrimages (Wallfahrten) to holy places in the interior of Germany—which were then as much frequented as the sacred shrines in India, and are so still in some Roman Catholic countries—offered them good opportunities for disposing of their books, particularly of those having a religious tendency, which were printed on cheap linen-paper, instead of the expensive parchment formerly in use.

Wherever we turn, we shall find that, once introduced into a country, the press was kept in extraordinary activity, and books were spread in all directions. There were in England, from the time of Caxton to 1600, no fewer than three hundred and fifty printers. Ames and Herbert have recorded the titles of ten thousand different works printed here in the same interval; the yearly average number of distinct works issued and sold in the hundred and thirty years was seventy-five. The number of copies of each was, however, in all probability small, for the early booksellers were cautious. Even Grafton only printed 500 copies of his complete edition of the Scriptures (that of 1540); and yet so great was the demand for the English bible, that there are still extant copies of 325 editions of it which were printed between 1526 and 1600.

In Italy the works of the old classic Roman authors were rapidly printed, when means for doing so were introduced. In Switzerland, especially at Geneva and Basle, a great number of books, chiefly of a religious character, were printed and sold immediately after presses were set up. Indeed the trading talent of the Swiss manifested itself in the beginning of the sixteenth century very prominently in reference to books, for they supplied booksellers even to Germany—to which we must now return.

In the dawn of literary commerce, wholesale trade, in whatever article, was chiefly conducted at fairs, which took place once, twice, or thrice a year. To these great meetings manufacturers and agriculturists brought such produce as was not of a perishable character, and which was purchased by retailers, who either came from different parts of the country, or employed local agents to purchase on their account. Amongst other manufacturers the printers brought their goods, which were bought by retailers, and distributed by them throughout the country. At first the greatest quantity of booksellers' stalls were assembled at the Frankfurt fairs, where multitudes of strangers and merchants met. Ant. Kober of Nuremberg, Ch. Plantin of Antwerp, and Stephanus (Etienne) of Paris, are recorded as booksellers visiting the Frankfurt fair as early as the year 1473. From this period Frankfurt gradually became the great book-mart. In 1526 Christopher Froeschauer, from Basle, wrote to his principal, Ulrich Zwingli, informing him of the rapid and profitable sale of his books at Frankfurt, to persons who had sent for them from all parts. In 1549 Operin of Basle, publishers of the classics, visited Frankfurt, and made a profitable speculation. At this period appeared Luther, the great champion of the Protestant world, protesting loudly and openly, both in speech and in writing, against the many abuses that had crept into the church of Rome; and the great cause of the Reformation, while it derived great assistance from the printing-press, repaid this benefit by contributing largely to its development and extension. Saxony, with its enlightened universities (Wittenberg and Leipsic), now became the seat and central point of free theological discussion and investigation, and the booksellers soon found it worth their while to visit also the Leipsic fair. Besides, the literary intercourse in that country was free and unfettered, whilst at Frankfurt it had to contend, in latter years, with several difficulties, arising from the peculiar situation of a smaller state, and the restrictions and vexations of an Imperial Board of Control (Kaiserliche Bucher Commission) established by the German emperor, through the influence of the Catholic clergy. Archbishop Berthold of Mayence had previously (in 1486) established a similar censorship in his dominions. The chief object of that board was to watch and visit the cook-shops—which, in Frankfurt, were all situated in one street, still called the *Buchgasse*—seizing forbidden books, claiming the seven privilege copies ordered by law to be presented to the universities, and, in fact, exercising the power of a most troublesome police. Against this the booksellers often remonstrated, but without success. At length the principal part of the book-trade withdrew to Leipsic, where general fairs were held thrice every year, and where—next to Frankfurt—the greatest number of books was sold.

The earliest accurate information obtained respecting the sale of books at Leipsic fair refers to 1545, when we find the printers Steiger and Boskopf, both of Nuremberg, repairing thither with their 'wares.' A few years later, the fame of this market as a place of sale for books spread over the rest of the continent, and in 1556 it was visited by the Paris bookseller Clement, and in 1560 by Pietro Valgrisi from Venice. From the accidental mention of these visits and names in the annals of the Leipsic fair, we may infer that booksellers from other parts of the world also frequented it habitually, although no record of their presence has been made. The different languages which they spoke had little

* This bible—the first perfect printed book which ever was issued—was a folio, in two volumes, consisting of 637 leaves, printed in large Gothic or German characters. It has no date, and is known by biblioplists as the 'Mazarine bible,' a copy of it having been discovered, long after it was printed, in the library of Cardinal Mazarine, in the 'College des Quatre Nations.' Several other copies have since turned up. It is executed with wonderful accuracy and neatness, considering it was the first specimen of the press.

effect on the sale of their books, the greater part of which, wherever printed, was in Latin. In 1589, the number of new works brought to Leipsic was 362, of which 246, or 68 per cent., were in the Latin language. The literary tastes of that time may be guessed from the fact, that of the whole number of these literary novelties, 200 were on theological subjects, 48 on law and jurisprudence, and 45 on philosophy and philology.

The trade in books carried on in Leipsic increased so rapidly, that it banished traffic in other articles from the fair. No fewer than fourteen printers and booksellers had, by 1616, taken up their residence in the city. The names of these individuals have become dear to the modern bibliomane, from the rarity of the works bearing their respective imprints. These 'publishers' (for by this period the wholesale bookseller was distinguished from the retailer by that expression) brought to the Easter fair of 1616 no less than 153 new works, the productions of their own presses. Of other publishers in various parts of Germany, eight resided at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, seven belonged to Nuremberg, four to Jena, three to Ulm, and the same number to Hamburg; Wittenberg, Strasburg, Gotha, Cologne, Breslau, had each two, and Lubbeck, Goslar, Heidelberg, Rostock, and Luneburg, one.

The Easter fair held at Leipsic was now exclusively devoted to books. The booksellers had already organised a system, by which they were enabled to print a catalogue of every new work that was to be sold at the fair, so that purchasers had no difficulty in making their selection; and Leipsic Easter fare became the great book-mart for the whole continent.

Having brought our notices of 'the trade' in Germany down to that great era in its existence, the establishment of the Leipsic book-fair, and in England to the unhappy time when our country was torn by civil war, and the book, with all other trades, was in a struggling and depressed condition, we shall, in succeeding articles, offer some interesting facts concerning the modern system of bookselling, as practised in various countries where any very considerable literary commerce is carried on.

MADemoiselle LENORMAND.

The French have been accused of incredulity and want of faith in matters of high and weighty import. How far this may be true we are not now about to inquire; but the sum of 500,000 francs, amassed by Mademoiselle Lenormand the celebrated fortune-teller, testifies strongly to the credulity of the nation in subjects on which a want of faith might justly be defended. And that credulity strange to say, was manifested at a time when what were called the fetters of ancient superstition were cast aside by a large portion of society. Moreover in the character of this far famed prophetess there does not seem to have been any remarkable elevation, or any great display of intellect. A few fortunate coincidences, an unbounded self-confidence, and considerable shrewdness, were the groundwork of her fortunes, and served to call forth, in a singularly striking form, the weakness of many of the most celebrated characters of the last half century; though it must be acknowledged that her own countrymen alone were not the dupes of her imposture.

The father of Mademoiselle Lenormand was of Falaise; but having married a Mademoiselle Guilbert of Alencon, he established himself in the latter city, where the celebrated fortune-teller was born, besides a younger sister, and a brother who entered the military service. M. Lenormand died young, and his widow, who re-married, did not long survive her second nuptials. The second husband also soon consoled himself for his loss, and took another wife; by which event Mademoiselle Lenormand, her brother and sister, became dependent on the care of a father and mother-in-law; who, to be quit of a young family which did not belong to them, placed the daughters in a convent of Benedictine nuns in the town; from whence, when they had learned all that the good sisters could teach, they were removed to that of the Visitation; and so on through all the convents of Alencon in their turn, after which the future prophetess was apprenticed to a milliner. It was in the house of the Benedictines that Mademoiselle commenced her vocation, by predicting that the superior would soon be deprived of her office; for which ill-boding the young lady was subjected to punishment, and underwent a penance; but the event soon justified the prediction. She continued the career she had begun by announcing the name, age, and various other particulars respecting the successor of the deprived abbess. There were at the time many candidates for the office, and the ultimate decision remained in doubt and abeyance. Verifying at length the truth of the oracle, it confirmed the pretensions of the damsel to a supernatural power of revealing the events of futurity. But the town of Alencon was too confined a theatre for her aspiring disposition, and the needle too ignoble an instrument for one who aspired to wield the wand of prophecy. She persuaded her mother-in-law to send her to Paris, where her stepfather was then residing; and at fourteen years of age Mademoiselle Lenormand started for the metropolis, with no other worldly possessions than the clothes on her back, and a piece of six francs in her pocket, given to her by her maternal guardian.

Arrived in the great city, her father-in-law obtained for the young adventurer a place in a shop, where she soon gained the good-will of her employers, and *la grosse Normande* became a universal favourite. One of the clerks undertook to instruct her in arithmetic and book-keeping, and gave her some knowledge also of mathematics. Pursuing her studies with great industry, she soon surpassed her instructor, and resolved, after a time, to gain the means of subsistence by her own exertions, and in a manner congenial to her habits and inclinations. To this end she established in the Rue de Tournon a *bureau d'écriture*, which succeeded well, and where she continued to exercise her vocation as a prophetess till the time of her death in 1843. Her success enabled her, after a time, to get her sister married as she desired, and to promote her brother in his military career. It was towards the end of the reign of Louis XVI. that Mademoiselle Lenormand commenced practice. She found the troubles of the times, which unhinged the minds of all around her, and filled them with alarm and anxiety, very propitious to her views. The unfortunate Princess de Lamballe, whose untimely fate she predicted, was one of her frequent visitors; and she possessed a letter from Mirabeau, written from his prison at Vincennes, in which he intreated her to tell him when his captivity would cease. The Revolution followed, and applicants for the benefit of her oracular powers increased. Alarmed at the rapid progress of events, and rendered superstitious by their fears, crowds of anxious inquirers flocked to the Rue de Tournon under various disguises, which it required no great shrewdness or talent to discover. It was at this time that two French guards who had joined the crowd in the attack on the Bastille visited the celebrated reader of futurity: to one she predicted a short but glorious military career, and an early death by poison; to the other the baton of a marechal of France. The former was afterwards General Hoche, whose untimely fate fulfilled the augury; the other the celebrated Lefebvre. The Comte de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.), on the night of his flight from Paris, sent to consult the sybil of the Rue de Tournon, 'en qualité de voisine,' previous to his departure.

During the Reign of Terror, Mademoiselle Lenormand continued for some time undisturbed in the exercise of her divination, and was visited one evening by three men, who demanded with smiles of evident incredulity to learn their future destiny. On examining their hands attentively, she became greatly agitated, probably knowing the parties she had to deal with; they encouraged her, however, to speak without fear, as they were ready, they said, to hear whatever doom she should pronounce. For some time she remained silent, and continued to examine the cards apparently with great attention, but evidently under considerable excitement; yielding, at length to their encouragement, she foretold their destiny, and, tragic as it was, her visitors received the prophecy with shouts of incredulous laughter. 'The oracle has failed for once,' observed one of them; 'if we are destined to destruction, we shall at least fall at the same time; it cannot be that I should be the first victim, and receive such splendid honours after death, whilst the people shall heap your last moments with every possible insult.' 'She slanders the citizens, and should answer for it at the tribunal,' observed the youngest of the party. 'Bah!' replied the third; 'the dreams of prophecy are never worth regarding.' The death of Marat, one of the inquirers, soon after, confirmed the first part of the prediction; and the completion of the second alone saved the prophetess from destruction, she being incarcerated when Robespierre and St. Just, the other two visitors, met the destiny she had foretold them. How it chanced that the science of Mademoiselle did not guard her against the danger in which she was involved, is nowhere recorded. Occupied, we suppose, with the destiny of others, she seems to have neglected to read her own, and fell into perils she might otherwise have avoided by examining the lines in her own fair palm, or dealing out the cards for once for her own information and instruction. Yet that she really had faith in her own power of divination, seems to be proved by her conduct with regard to her brother, who, as has been stated, was in the army. Receiving intelligence that he was severely wounded in an engagement, she never ceased seeking, by means of the cards, to know the state of his health; and at length, after having passed a night in various cabalistic researches, she was found in the morning by her attendant bathed in tears, and gave orders for mourning, having ascertained, she said, that her brother was dead; which was soon afterwards confirmed by the arrival of letters.

After the Reign of Terror, the celebrity of the prophetess continued to increase. Barrere was one of her constant visitors. Madame Tallien seldom allowed a week to pass without availing herself of her supernatural powers. Barras frequently sent for her to the Luxembourg. From the access she had to the leaders of all parties, it required no great skill in divination to predict many of the events which took place at that time. The empire was, however, the season of her richest harvest. Josephine, as is generally known, was a firm believer in auguries and prophetic intimations. The early prediction of her future greatness, and its termination, has been so frequently repeated, without receiving any contradiction, that it is become a fact which no one questions and would easily account for the firm faith she reposed in the oracles of Mademoiselle Lenormand, to whom she constantly sent to ask, amidst other questions, explanations respecting the dreams of Napoleon; and when the latter projected any new enterprise, the empress never failed to consult the reader of futurity as to its results. The disasters of the Russian campaign, it is said, were clearly predicted by Mademoiselle Lenormand; and it was from her also that Josephine received the first intimations of the divorce which was in contemplation, which premature revelation, unfortunately for the authoress, procured for her an interview with Fouché, who, on her being introduced, inquired, in a tone of raillery, if the cards had informed her of the arrest which awaited her! 'No,' she replied; 'I thought I was summoned here for consultation, and have brought them with me;' at the same time dealing them out upon the table of the minister of police without any apparent embarrassment. Without mentioning the divorce, Fouché began to reproach her with many of the prophecies she had lately uttered; and which, notwithstanding the kindness she had received from the empress, had been employed to flatter the hopes of the royalists in the Faubourg St. Germain. Mademoiselle Lenormand continued to deal the cards, repeating to herself in an under tone, 'The knave of clubs! again the knave of clubs!' Fouché continued his reprimands, and informed her that, however lightly she might be disposed to regard the matter, he was about to send her to prison, where she would probably remain for a considerable time.

'How do you know that?' asked the prophetess. 'Here is the knave of clubs again, who will set me free sooner than you expect.'

'Ah, the knave of clubs will have the credit of it, will he?'

'Yes, the knave of clubs represents your successor in office—the Duc de Rovigo.'

The fall of Napoleon brought fresh credit and honour to Mademoiselle Lenormand. She had foretold the restoration of the Bourbons, and received the rewards of divination. The Emperor Alexander visited and consulted her; and her old patron, Louis XVIII., again availed himself of her science and advice. But it was not the monarchs of Europe alone that gave their support to this singular woman. Prince Talleyrand, with all his incredulity, and with all his knowledge of man, and Madame de Stael, with all her boasted talents and wisdom, both were carried away in the general delusion.

It was during the consulate, when Madame de Stael returned to Paris, after a lengthened absence, that she allowed herself to be persuaded to make a visit to the Rue de Tournon. In the course of conversation, Mademoiselle Lenormand observed, 'You are anxious about some event which will probably take place to-morrow, but from which you will receive very little satisfaction.' On the succeeding day, Madame de Stael was to have an audience of the first consul, who well knew her pretensions, and was but little disposed to yield to them. Madame, however, flattered herself that the power of her genius, and the charms of her conversation, would overcome the prejudice she was aware he had conceived against her. The lady was received in the midst of a numerous circle, and fully expected to produce a brilliant effect upon Bonaparte, and all who surrounded him. On her being introduced, the consul abruptly asked, 'Have you seen *la pie voleuse*, which is so much in fashion?' Surprised at the unexpected question, Madame de Stael hesitated a moment for a reply. 'On dit,' he added; 'we are soon to have *la pie seditieuse* also.' The second observation completed the lady's confusion; and the first consul, not wishing to increase it, turned and entered into conversation with some more favoured visitor. After this memorable audience, Madame de Stael called to mind the observation of Mademoiselle Lenormand, and from that time had great confidence in her skill, paying her many subsequent visits.

The residence of the prophetess for forty years was at the extremity of a court (No. 5. Rue de Tournon), and over the door was inscribed, 'Mademoiselle Lenormand, Libraire.' The profession of a prophetess not being recog-

* The Thieving Magpie, a play so called; the same, we presume, as that called in English the Maid and the Magpie.

nised by the code, she took a 'patente de libraire,' to receive her visitors and exercise her vocation, without giving offence to the prefect de police or his agents; and, under the title of librarian, her name is inscribed in the royal and national almanac. On ringing at the door of the oracular abode, a servant appeared, and you were introduced into an apartment in which there was nothing extraordinary. So well was the character of Mademoiselle established, that no additional means of imposture were requisite to support it. Some thirty or forty volumes were arranged on shelves against the wall, chiefly consisting of the works of the lady herself—'Les Souvenirs Prophétiques,' 'La Réponse a M^{on}. Hoffman, journaliste,' 'Les Memoires Historiques,' and five or six other works chiefly on cabalistic subjects. Mademoiselle soon made her appearance—a short fat little woman, with a ruddy face, overshadowed by the abundant curls of a flaxen wig, and surmounted by a semi-oriental turban, the rest of her attire being much in the style of a butter woman.

"What is your pleasure?" she demanded of her visitor.

"Mademoiselle, I come to consult you."

"Well, sit down; what course of inquiries do you wish to make? I have them at all prices; from six to ten, twenty, or four hundred francs."

"I wish for information to the amount of a louis-d'or."

"Very well; come to this table; sit down, and give me your left hand." Then followed several queries—What is your age? What is your favourite flower? To what animal have you the greatest repugnance? During the course of her questions she continued shuffling the cards; and at length presenting them, desired you to cut them with your left hand. She then dealt them out upon the table one by one, at the same time proclaiming your future fate with a volubility that rendered it very difficult to follow up all she said, and as if she were reading with great rapidity from a printed book. In this torrent of words, sometimes quite unintelligible, occasionally occurred something which particularly struck the inquirer, whose character, tastes, and habits, she sometimes described very accurately, probably in part from phrenological observation.

Very often she mentioned remarkable circumstances in their past life with great correctness, at the same time predicting future events, which many of her visitors found to be afterwards realised. Of the failures, probably innumerable, nothing was heard. In justice to the lady, it must however be observed, that her natural shrewdness and observation frequently enabled her to give advice which was of considerable advantage to the inquirer.

Mademoiselle Lenormand, notwithstanding the favours she received from the emperor and Josephine, was a steady and devoted adherent to the elder branch of the Bourbons; and, after the revolution of July, retired very much from her usual business, both in consequence of her age, and from the diminution of her visitors; passing much of her time at Alençon, where she purchased lands and houses, and built herself a residence which she called 'La petite maison de Socrate.' Remembering the little honour a prophet receives in his own country, she refused to exercise her vocation in her native town, saying that she came to Alençon to forget that she was a 'devineresse,' and only calculated horoscopes at Paris.

How far she believed in her own skill, cannot be exactly ascertained; but from the fact relative to her brother's death, she seems decidedly to have had some faith in the revelations she drew from cards. Another instance is recorded in which she acted from some principle analogous to those from which her conclusions were sometimes drawn. At the time of the first invasion by the allies, Mademoiselle Lenormand had beside her a considerable sum of money, and many articles of value, which she was anxious to intrust to some one in whom she could place confidence. The only person who presented himself at the time was not much known to her, but at the moment there was no one else to whom she chose to address herself. 'To what animal,' she asked in her usual routine, 'have you the most repugnance?' 'To rats,' was the reply. 'It is a sign of a good conscience,' she observed. 'And to which do you give the preference?' 'Oh, I prefer dogs far beyond all others.' Mademoiselle, without hesitation, committed the important charge to his care, as one in whom she could place entire confidence.

The prophetess was in person excessively fat and ugly; but her eyes even in age preserved their brightness and vivacity, and the good citizens of Alençon were wont to say, 'Que ses yeux flamboyants leur faisaient peur.' It was never understood that Mademoiselle Lenormand showed the smallest inclination to marriage, nor was there ever a question on the subject; but she was well known to have a great aversion to young children. Besides a large funded property, and her houses and lands at Alençon, she possessed a very handsome house in the Rue de la Santé at Paris; a chateau at Poissy, eight leagues from the metropolis; and a large collection of very good pictures, principally representing the acts and deeds of members of the house of Bourbon; also a vast collection of very curious notes respecting the events of which she was either a spectatress or an actress, all written in her own hand, which, by the by, is a most cabalistic looking scrawl. She had also autographic and confidential letters from most of the sovereigns of Europe, and was in fact a remarkable proof of the credulity of the nineteenth century, and of an imposture which, for its long and continued success, has had few rivals in any age of the world.

Of the two children of her sister, which she adopted after their mother's death, the daughter died young of consumption, and the son is now an officer of rank. On the decease of his aunt during the last year, he inherited all her property.

[The above article is communicated by an English gentleman residing in France. We would be understood as not pledging ourselves for the literal correctness of all its statements, though neither have we any reason to doubt that it has been prepared from the sources of information which may be available in the case.]

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

ON MR. CAUDLE'S SHIRT-BUTTONS.

There, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning? There—you needn't begin to whistle: people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you. I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say, you were the best creature living; now, you get quite a fiend. Do let you rest? No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it isn't often I open my mouth goodness knows!

"Because *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house! You *didn't* swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, weren't you? Well, then, I don't know what a passion is—and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that."

"It's a pity you hadn't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle-and-thread in my hand. What with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you cry '*oh*' at? I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times at most. I'm sure, Mr. Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than your's. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then!"

"Yes, it *is* worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in."

"A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's shirt buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one thing and another! They'd never tie themselves to the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle? Why, do much better without you, I'm certain."

"And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt: it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say, it's very odd."

"However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and sha'n't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love—that's your feeling! I know I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me then: for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back."

"No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle; nobody ever called me that, but you. What do you say? Nobody ever knew so much of me? That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I wouldn't have your aggravating temper, Caudle, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not a worrying as you are—or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that *would* have talked to you! then you'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me, because, like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle."

"And a pretty example you set as a father! You'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast-time about your buttons! And on a Sunday morning too! And you call yourself a Christian! I should like to know what your boys will say of you when they grow up? And all about a paltry button off one of your wristbands: a decent man wouldn't have mentioned it. Why won't I hold my tongue? Because I *won't* hold my tongue. I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt button, and I'm to hold my tongue! Oh! but that's just like you, men!"

"But I know what I'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then? Oh, you must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife? And to such a wife as I've been, too: such a negro-slave to your buttons, as I may say! Somebody else to sew 'em, eh? No, Caudle, no: not while I'm alive! When I'm dead—and with what I have to bear there's no knowing how soon that may be—when I'm dead, I say—oh! what a brute you must be to snore so!"

"You're not snoring? Ha! that's what you always say; but that's nothing to do with it. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I shouldn't wonder. Oh no! I should be surprised at nothing, now! Nothing at all! It's what people have always told me it would come to, —and now, the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I've been to you. Somebody else, indeed, to sew your buttons! I'm no longer to be mistress in my own house! Ha, Caudle! I wouldn't have upon my conscience what you have, for the world! I wouldn't treat anybody as you treat—no, I'm not mad! It's you, Mr. Caudle, who are mad, or bad—and that's worse! I can't even so much as speak of a shirt button, but that I'm threatened to be made nobody of in my own house! Caudle, you've a heart like a hearth-stone! To threaten me, and only because a button—a button—"

"I was conscious of no more than this," says Caudle in his MS., "for here nature relieved me with a sweet, deep, sleep."

MR. CAUDLE HAS VENTURED A REMONSTRANCE ON HIS DAY'S DINNER: COLD MUTTON, AND NO PUDDING. MRS. CAUDLE DEFENDS THE COLD SHOULDER.

Humph! I'm sure! Well! I wonder what it will be next! There's nothing proper, now—nothing at all. Better get somebody else to keep the house I think. I can't do it now, it seems; I'm only in the way here: I'd better take the children, and go.

"What am I grumbling about now? It's very well for you to ask that! I'm sure I'd better be out of the world than—there now, Mr. Caudle; there you are again! I *shall* speak, sir. It isn't often I open my mouth, heaven knows! But you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. You ought to have married a negro slave, and not any respectable woman."

"You're to go about the house looking like thunder all the day, and I'm not to say a word. Where do you think pudding's to come from every-day? You show a nice example to your children, you do; complaining, and turning your nose up at a sweet piece of cold mutton, because there's no pudding. You go a nice way to make 'em extravagant—teach 'em nice lessons to begin the world with. Do you know what puddings cost; or do you think they fly in at the window?"

"You hate cold mutton. The more shame for you, Mr. Caudle. I'm sure you've the stomach of a lord, you have. No, sir; I didn't choose to hash the mutton. It's very easy for you to say hash it; but I know what a joint loses in hashing: it's a day's dinner the less, if it's a bit. Yes, I dare say; other people may have puddings with cold mutton. No doubt of it; and other people become bankrupts. But if ever you get into the Gazette, it shan't be my fault—no; I'll do my duty as a wife to you, Mr. Caudle: you shall never have it to say that it was my housekeeping that brought you to beggary. No; you may sulk at the cold meat—ha! I hope you'll never live to want such a piece of cold mutton as we had to-day! And you may threaten to go to a tavern to dine; but with our present means, not a

crumb of pudding do you get from me. You shall have nothing but the cold joint—nothing as I'm a Christian sinner.

"Yes; there you are, throwing those fowls in my face again! I know you once brought home a pair of fowls; I know it; and wasn't you mean enough to stop 'em out of my week's money? Oh, the selfishness—the shabbiness of men! They can go out and throw away pounds upon pounds with a pack of people who laugh at 'em afterwards; but if it's anything wanted for their own homes, their poor wives may hunt for it. I wonder you don't blush to name those fowls again! I wouldn't be so little for the world, Mr. Caudle!

"What are you going to do? Going to get up? Don't make yourself ridiculous, Mr. Caudle; I can't say a word to you like any other wife, but you must threaten to get up. Do be ashamed of yourself.

"Puddings, indeed! Do you think I'm made of puddings? Didn't you have some boiled rice three weeks ago? Besides, is this the time of the year for puddings? It's all very well if I had money enough allowed me like any other wife to keep the house with; then, indeed, I might have preserves like any other woman; now, it's impossible; and it's cruel—yes, Mr. Caudle, cruel—of you to expect it.

"Apples aren't so dear, aren't they? I know what apples are, Mr. Caudle, without your telling me. But I suppose you want something more than apples for dumplings? I suppose sugar costs something, doesn't it? And that's how it is. That's how one expense brings on another, and that's how people go to ruin.

"Pancakes! What's the use of your lying muttering there about pancakes? Don't you always have 'em once a year—every Shrove Tuesday? And what would any decent man want more?

"Pancakes, indeed! Pray, Mr. Caudle,—no, it's no use your saying fine words to me to let you go to sleep; I shan't!—pray do you know the price of eggs just now? There's not an egg you can trust to under seven and eight a shilling; well, you've only just to reckon up how many eggs—don't lie swearing there at the eggs, in that manner, Mr. Caudle; unless you expect the bed to open under you. You call yourself a respectable tradesman, I suppose! Ha! I only wish people knew you as well as I do! Swearing at eggs, indeed! But I'm tired of this usage, Mr. Caudle; quite tired of it; and I don't care how soon it's ended!

"I'm sure I do nothing but work and labour, and think how to make the most of everything; and this is how I'm rewarded. I should like to see anybody whose joints go further than mine. But if I was to throw away your money into the street, or lay it out in fine feathers on myself, I should be better thought of. The woman who studies her husband and her family is always made a drudge of. It's your fine fal-lal wives who've the best time of it.

"What's the use of your lying groaning there in that manner? That won't make me hold my tongue I can tell you. You think to have it all your own way—but you won't, Mr. Caudle! You can insult my dinner; look like a demon, I may say, at a wholesome piece of cold mutton—ha! the thousands of far better creatures than you are who'd been thankful for that mutton!—and I'm never to speak! But you're mistaken—I will! Your usage of me, Mr. Caudle, is infamous—unworthy of a man. I only wish people knew you for what you are; but they shall, some day.

"Puddings! And now I suppose I shall hear of nothing but puddings! Yes, and I know what it would end in. First, you'd have a pudding every day;—oh, I know your extravagance—then you'd go for fish—then I shouldn't wonder if you'd have soup; turtle, no doubt; then you'd go for a dessert; and—oh! I see it all as plain as the quilt before me—but no! not while I live! What your second wife may do, I don't know; perhaps she'll be a fine lady; but you shan't be ruined by me, Mr. Caudle; that I'm determined. Puddings, indeed! Puddings! Pudd—"

"Exhausted nature," says Caudle, "could hold out no longer. Here my wife went to sleep."

MARTIN ZURBANO.

BY ONE WHO SERVED WITH HIM

Nothing more graphically portrays the singular character of the Spaniard (a people whom Chateaubriand has so happily termed *Les Arabes Chrétiens*) and the peculiar phases of civilisation they present to the study of the philosophical observer, than the extraordinary and adventurous careers of their guerilla chiefs. Amid the successive revolutions of empire and the migrations of races of which the Iberian Peninsula has been the theatre, this dark and fierce type of the human character has been preserved in all its integrity, thus affording a striking example of the influence of the physical configuration of a country on the character and habits of a people.

The profession of robber, or guerillero, has in every age had a peculiar charm for the lower orders of Spaniards. Strabo frequently alludes to this marked attribute of the ancient Iberians, to which he ascribes that peculiar trait which even at the present day the Spanish character so forcibly exhibits, viz., an extraordinary aptitude and genius for partisan warfare, and a marked capacity for all great strategical or tactical combinations. Thus, during the late war of succession, both Mina and Jauregay el Pastor, who, during the war of independence, by their indefatigable activity and daring bravery, by the matches, skill and successful execution of their partisan warfare, had acquired such high reputation, when placed at the head of the Queen's armies, were foiled by the very same elements to which they were formerly indebted for their most splendid success. Destitute alike of all the military and political qualities which befitted men for high command, their operations were distinguished by a rude unsentimental system of warfare and barbarous violence, which exhausted their own strength, while it aggrandised that of the insurrection, drove the populations of Navarre and the Vascongado provinces to frantic desperation, and imparted to the war that stern, ruthless, and exterminating character which roused the horror and indignation of the civilized world.

By studying the physical condition of the "Dura Tellus Iberia," we shall not only find the explanation of many obscure points in her history, but at the same time discover the "fons et origo" of the peculiar manners, customs, and religious ideas of her people.

Traversed by five great mountain chains, running in a parallel direction from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, intersected by lofty and extensive table lands and deep valleys, these natural features, added to the great agglomeration of the rural population, singularly combine to foster those wild and predatory guerilla and contrabandista habits ever the fruitful sources of social disorder.

In fact, the careers of all the guerilleros—of Mina, Jauregay, El Empedrado, the Cura Merino, and others, during the war of independence—of Cabrera, Valmaceda, Forcadell, Manolin, Don Bazilio, Martin Zurbano, and the whole *caterva guerillera* who played so distinguished a part on the theatre

of events during the late Carlist struggle—one and all were distinguished by the same frigid indifference to human life, and by the facility with which, after slaking their thirst of blood with hellish energy, they relapsed into their habitual apathy. To one and the same cause, too, must their extraordinary success be attributed—to a certain energy of character, and to an intimate knowledge of the country, which, from the days of Viriatus, in this mountain warfare, has ever been the first element of success.

To this cause must we attribute that fertility of example which the annals of Spain present of men who have risen to the highest ranks in society through the various gradations of robber, partisan, and patriot chief.

Eighteen hundred years ago the Roman historian Florus thus describes the career of the celebrated Viriatus—"Vir callidatis acerrimæ qui ex Venatore, Latro, ex Latrone subito. Dux et Imperator."

And yet, after the revolution of so many ages, so unchanged is the picture, that with equal laconism, and the same truth, may be expressed in modern Castilian that of the hero of the present sketch—of Martin Zurbano—"Hombre acerrimo que de Posadero fue Contrabandista, de Contrabandista subito, Cabecillo y General."

Martin Barea, better known as Martin Zurbano, the archetype of guerilleros, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Isabel the Catholic, Lieut.-General in the army of Her Catholic Majesty, was a native of Logrono, where, anterior to the late war, he had exercised the double avocation of posadero (innkeeper) and contrabandista. If the reports current in the Rioja are to be credited, it is shrewdly suspected that many of the weary guests who had spread their carpets of repose in his hospitable posada were charitably dismissed to bathe from which no traveller returns. Whether the goods and chattels which they may have left behind were devoted by the pious Zurbano to the purchase of masses for the repose of their souls, is a point on which contemporary history is silent. Be this as it may, certain it is that at the outbreak of the Carlist war Zurbano, for some offence or other, whether with justice or not we venture not to decide, was out of the pale of the law. The mode he adopted to rehabilitate himself, to use a French expression, was in perfect keeping with the crafty and unscrupulous character that so eminently distinguished him. For this purpose he submitted to the Prior of the Franciscan convent at Logrono—a man well known for his attachment to the cause of Don Carlos—a plan for delivering up that city to the Carlists. The Prior, in his turn, gained over a Lieutenant-Colonel and several officers of the garrison to the plot. When on the eve of execution, Zurbano wrote to the Governor of Logrono, offering to put him in possession of all the details of a plan for delivering on the same night the town into the hands of the enemy, on the condition of obtaining a full and unconditional pardon for the offence with which he was charged. Struck with the urgency of the peril, to the discovery of which he had moreover not the slightest clue, the Governor consented to the conditions proposed. Zurbano accordingly revealed the names of his victims, who were of course immediately arrested and shot. This was the stepping stone to his future greatness; under the immediate patronage of one of the Queen's ministers, Zurbano was commissioned to raise a free corps of Lancers, which he maintained by contributions levied on the enemy. Talk who will of the ruthless Black Bands of the Middle Ages, of Trenck's Pandours during the Seven Years' War, or of the fierce Kurds, who at the present day hover like birds of prey on the frontier of Turkey and Persia,—compared to the myrmidons of Don Martin, they were, to use an expression of Sancho Panza's, "Manticones, tortas y pan pentado." When seen under arms, this corps for savage effect out-heroded the darkest and most satanic creations of Salvador Rosa's pencil: arrayed in every variety of costume, armed with every description of weapon, the solitary feature of uniformity which distinguished them was the black pennon at the end of their lances, on which was emblazoned a death's-head and cross-bones, a bearing but too typical of the sanguinary and merciless character of the band.

Animated by the royal orders of Her Majesty the Queen Regent, at the head of this force Zurbano commenced his incursions along the frontier line of the Carlist territory, laying waste with fire and sword its different small Pueblos and villages. As it was the policy of General Cordova by an admixture of well timed clemency and severity to gain over the population of these districts to the Queen's cause, and by these means to act more effectually on the moral and physical resources of the enemy, affording as they did a never-failing source of supply and of accurate information of the intentions of the Queen's Generals; the General Officer commanding the royal troops at Vittoria wrote to Zurbano, deprecating—in the strongest terms—his conduct, and pointing out the evil consequences it would inevitably entail on the operations of the war. We have ourselves seen the singular reply which this dispatch elicited: written on a soiled sheet of paper and in the most extraordinary characters, its orthography was calculated to baffle the deciphering skill of Champollion himself. "I know not," was the exordium, "how this generous bosom of mine has not burst with just indignation on perusing the calumnious charges contained in your Excellency's dispatch. What! I, Martin Zurbano, whose highest ambition it is to spill the last drop of my blood on the field of glory, exclaiming 'Viva la Inocente Isabel—Viva la Constitution,' &c., &c.," and which, after a long tirade worthy of the inflated style of the hero of La Mancha he perorated by saying, "and I will let you know who is Martin Zurbano!"

The General Officer to whom this singular missal was addressed had moved upon the coast ere it reached him. No check, therefore, was given to the operations of Don Martin, whose ruthless career was, moreover, in perfect keeping with the character of the country. Zurbano rose rapidly, and by his indefatigable activity, skill and bravery, he took a distinguished part in all the operations that preceded the Convention of Bergara.

It would far exceed the limits of this brief sketch were we to enumerate all the daring exploits of Zurbano, which from a mere guerilla partisan raised him to the rank of Lieut.-General. For boldness of conception, skill and rapidity of execution, the annals of the war afford no parallel to his capture of the Carlist General Zereateguy. At the head of a small but well-chosen band of horsemen, by a night march through paths only known to himself, he dashed into the midst of the cantonments of 10,000 Carlists, and carried off their General without the loss of a man.

The courage of Zurbano was of the highest order, of that which in war produces the greatest results, which cheerfully sacrifices life for the attainment of a great object. It was this bright faculty which, in spite of his low birth and unequivocal antecedents, rendered him the idol of the soldiery. Simple in his habits, he shared in all their toils, partook of all their privations, identified himself with all their feelings and habits.

When we first knew Zurbano he had only the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, and appeared to be between forty and fifty years of age. His usual garb was the dark sheep-skin jacket and scarlet overalls, a dress latterly adopted by the whole army. His figure was short and compact, indicating an iron hardihood

of constitution capable of the highest powers of human endurance, while his dark grey eye, with a twinkling hawk-like cast of suspicion, his lowering brow, imparted to his countenance an expression of stern unrelenting ferocity, that indelibly stamped itself on the memory.

And yet withal Zurbano could assume that fascinating polish of manner and high bred demeanour, which is universally possessed even by the lowest order of Spaniards, the result rather of natural instinct than of previous education.

The termination of the Carlist insurrection was soon after followed by the abdication of the Queen Mother and the installation of Espartero as Regent. Troubles fomented by internal discontent and external intrigue broke out in Catalonia. In an evil hour for the new Regent, Zurbano was sent into that province invested with high and extensive command. At such a juncture no appointment could have been more unfortunately ill-timed. Whatever may have been his qualities in the field, he was, from previous habits and education, totally unfitted for such a mission. He wanted that admirable tact and deep sagacity, that intimate knowledge of the human passions, which skilfully allaying the fever of the blood, calms the irritation of popular feeling, by the exercise of a well-combined admixture of generous clemency or unrelenting severity, that so well knows when to yield to just remonstrance, or to enforce unconditional obedience. Zurbano unfortunately knew but one rule of action,—a stern appeal to the fears of his subordinates; and on this he acted with such unbending firmness, and unrelenting cruelty of purpose, that kindled into a flame the slumbering elements of disaffection to the Regent's government. Animated by an hereditary hatred to the French, or "Gabachos," he was betrayed at Barcelona into acts of rigour and injustice towards the person and property of a French merchant that justly aroused the indignation of the French Government, and prepared the diplomatic rupture between the French and Spanish Cabinets, the result of which so lowered the moral influence of the Regent's government in the eyes of the nation.

But when at length, alimanted by French gold, the insurrection burst forth in arms, all that depended on human exertion Zurbano displayed. He showed a cold front till the moment he discovered that the force under his command was no longer to be depended upon. Accordingly he evacuated the province, recrossed the Ebro, operated his junction with Saoné at Saragoca, and with him rapidly fell back to cover the capital. On the morning of the fatal day of Torrajón, which proved the grave of Espartero's fortune, Zurbano was struck with the disarray of the force; so intermingled had the baggage of the army become with the columns of march that a deployment in order of battle was impossible. The army of Narvaéz had in the meanwhile taken up a position, and for some time both armies were in presence. With one the Regent's name was still a tower of strength,—with the other the conviction of disaffection was the harbinger of defeat. While both were hesitating, a hurrah of cavalry, led by General Shelly, decided the affair. Spurring to the front, he dashed with his line of horsemen against the heads of the enemy's columns, which had not yet deployed. In an instant all was lost—the Regent's troops threw down their arms, and fraternised with the soldiers of Narvaéz. Saoné and all his staff were taken. Zurbano alone escaped,—with a few horsemen he galloped from the field, and succeeded in gaining the French frontier. The inspiration of Shelly's genius decided the fate of Spain, and proved the paramount importance of the talent d'apropos in war.

After passing a few months in exile Zurbano sent in his adhesion to the new government. He was in consequence allowed to return to Spain, and continued up to his last moment to reside on an estate near Logrono, which had been presented to him by the Cortes, as a reward for his services.

It is difficult to determine the motives which precipitated Zurbano into the movement against the present government at Madrid, which brought ruin and desolation on his house, and cost him his life. Whether ensnared by the government, desirous of getting rid of a man who inspired them with unceasing fear and mistrust,—whether led away by a passage in the ex-Regent's manifesto, which so immediately preceded his "*Levée de Bouclers*," he dreamt of powerful support from without,—this is a problem that we have no means of solving. That a man like Zurbano, whose early career was a constant series of open hostilities to the established laws of the community of which he was a member, could have entertained a marked bias for one form of government over another, it is difficult to conceive. Be this as it may, from the moment he raised the standard of revolt he was lost. No sooner had he commenced his movement than he was tracked like a beast of prey. If he so long eluded the vigilance of his enemies, it was solely owing to his intimate knowledge of the country, and his great popularity with the rural population, by whom, at such imminent risk, he was so long concealed. Nevertheless it is probable that he would have effected his escape had not Narvaéz bethought himself of despatching on his traces a man of his own stamp,—the celebrated El Rayo, who during the Carlist war had acted as Chef-d'Etat-Major to the Cera Merino. This man as well skilled in all the wiles of guerrilla warfare as Zurbano himself, as intimately acquainted with the country, tracked him with the scent and pertinacity of the blood-hound, and ultimately effected his capture.

When taken, worn down by disease, overwhelmed by the loss of his sons and brother-in-law, Zurbano was but the wreck of his former self,—his mind had so sunk under the accumulated weight of misfortune that he was at times a maniac. But on the morning of his execution he was himself again. He walked to the fatal spot, eyed the platoon that was to hurl him into eternity with stern composure, and died, as he had lived, with heroic courage.

An immense crowd had assembled in the Plaza of Logrono, to witness the closing scene of the drama of Zurbano's eventful life. Such was the bright prestige of his former fame, that to the assembled multitude the passing scene appeared like the dark visions of a horrid dream. But suddenly they were awakened to its frightful reality. The measured tramp of infantry, the deep toned ruffle of the hollow drum, the stern laconism of the word of command, followed with lightning speed by the ringing fire of a platoon, proclaimed, to use an Orientalism, "that the head of the unfortunate Zurbano had been rolled in the dust of nothingness by the hand of the executioner."

A LITERARY BREAKFAST AT SAMUEL ROGERS'S.

BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

Who has not heard of the famous Lobster suppers of Pope, and the witty re-unions at "Tom's Coffee House," where ruffled gallants met to discuss liquor and literature? Or who has no longed to make one of such a party as that described, or rather referred to, by the sprightly Lady Mary Montague, who, with chosen associates.

"When the cares of the day were all passed,
Sat down with champagne and a chicken at last,"

and, to what was far better, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul?" These

"long ago" affairs have had their Boswells to chronicle them, and so faithful have been some of the accounts furnished, that we seem, whilst perusing them, to "live o'er each scene." In imagination, we jostle against rapiers and ruffles—our modern legs get entangled in the many folds of the ample fardingale and hoops, and high heels startle us with their quaint appearances.

The times have changed—the days of the blue stocking clique are remembered with the things that were. Hannah More, Mrs. Delancy, Mrs. Thrale, and Madame D'Arblay, no longer sit sipping their congou, and listening to the oracular sayings of Doctor Johnson, or indulging in sprightly remarks and flip-pant nothings. Will's Coffee House is *non est inventus*. "Tom's" exists but in name. Ranelagh, with its variegated leafy arcades, and brilliantly lighted bowers, is no more—and all who gossiped so delightfully, or talked so learnedly, but a few years ago, have passed away, leaving only legacies of wit or wisdom to their descendants; who, in losing Vauxhall, have parted with the latest remnant of old-fashioned gaiety.

The times have greatly changed—Club houses have knocked Coffee houses into nothingness, and Almacks has annihilated the literary coteries—but there are yet two or three chosen retreats sacred to genius and talent, and I am about to glance at one of them.

How seldom does it happen, in this world of ours, that poetry and prosperity go hand in hand—penury and privation are generally, and even proverbially, the lot of him who dares to build the lofty rhyme; indeed, it has been thought that opulence is destructive of genius; and that literary butterfly, Horace Walpole, whose reputation rests only on his letters, and whom, from my very soul, I despise, chiefly on account of his heartless treatment of the "marvellous boy," Chatterton, said "singing birds should not be too well fed."

Samuel Rogers is an exception to the almost general rule that authors should be poor. And who has not, at some time or other, heard of the Author of the "Pleasures of Memory?" He is not gifted, as Byron was, with beauty of person; so far from it, he is the very opposite of "good looking," as it is termed; but he is rich—a very Cræsus. A London Banker—he can draw checks alike on the Bank of England and on the treasury of the Moses; and what is better, find each duly honoured. He has an exquisite taste, and possesses abundantly the means of gratifying it. Art lays her tribute at his feet, and Genius is at his beck and call. For him Science labours, and at his bidding Music pours forth its melodious offerings. He possesses the magic talisman, Money—which, like the slave of the lamp, in the Arabian tale, fulfils all his requirements, and surrounds him with all that heart can wish. Verily, if wealth, taste, and refinement, can confer happiness on mortals, Samuel Rogers must be a satisfied man.

About six years ago, whilst on a visit to some friends in London, I spent a day with Coleridge, who then resided with Mr. Gilman, at Highgate. Whilst there, the poet received a note from Mr. Rogers, inviting him to breakfast, in St. James's Place, on the following morning. Coleridge, knowing that it would gratify me to accompany him, very kindly asked me to do so, saying that he could take the liberty of introducing a friend and I agreed to go.

I shall not, at present, dwell upon my recollections of the "noticeable man, with large grey eyes."

That I shall reserve for a future paper of the series; but, lest it should escape my memory, and as I intended this sketch to be rambling and desultory, I will here just relate an anecdote of Coleridge, little known, and strikingly characteristic of his dreaming propensities, even in childhood. It has been published in only one work, which obtained a very limited circulation in England, entitled "Early Recollections of S. T. Coleridge, by Joseph Cottle," and was furnished to Mr. C. by myself.

Coleridge's father was a clergyman, residing at the small town of St. Mary Ottery, in Devonshire; and a near relative of mine, then a young girl, at the time of the incident I am about to relate, also lived there. One night she was awakened from her slumbers by the bellman of the town, who startled the quiet of the place by bawling out the following:—

"Lost and strayed away, Samuel Coleridge, the Vicar's child—"

In consequence of this announcement, all who could, left their beds and proceeded in search of the little truant. My relative among the rest, who knew the child well, and to whom the little fellow was much attached, joined the band of searchers, who sought a long time, but without success. After three hours' wandering, many returned to the distracted parents, with no tidings of their lost one; but the young girl determined not to give up the matter so easily, and, in pursuance of her determination, to leave no chance of finding him untried, she proceeded towards the banks of the little river Otter, which she knew was a favourite haunt of the child's.

She had not gone far when she fancied that she heard a low, moaning sound, but thinking it to be merely the noise of the water, she was passing on, when she distinctly recognised a child's voice; the sound led her to the river's edge, and there, much to her surprise and satisfaction, she found Samuel Taylor Coleridge, then a child of four years of age, lying in the moonlight, on the brink of the stream, with his head hanging over the bank—his little hands clutching a bunch of sedge, which grew out of the water, and he was toying away at them with might and main, and murmuring in his sleep—"pull up the clothes, Molly, my feet are cold." With every effort at the reeds he pulled himself a little over the bank, and in a few more minutes, in all probability, he would have fallen into the stream, which was deep enough to have prevented the "Ancient Mariner" from having ever been sung by his musical lips. Even at so early an age, the little fellow was a dreamer. I need not add, that his return was greeted with lively demonstrations of delight by those who knew him; and who did not for "little Sammy" was a town pet.

But to return to Rogers and his breakfast. On the following morning, for a wonder, Mr. Coleridge called for me at the time he had appointed, and we proceeded together in a hack carriage, to St. James's Place. Mr. Rogers himself received us, and as none of the other invited guests had arrived I had a favorable opportunity of observing the venerable poet.

I had anticipated seeing what is termed a *plain face*—but I had not pictured to myself one so unpoetical as Roger's. Byron's lines on it, ill-natured and uncalled for as they were, were at least *pictorially* true to nature. There was recently published in the Pictorial Times, or London Illustrated News, I forget which, a sketch of him, taken at the National Gallery, in the act of examining a painting. That likeness is correct in every respect. The sunken eye, shrivelled nose, toothless jaws, and retracted lips, are to the life. But though Time has been busy with the poet's mortal part, he has not interfered with the jewel it contains. That remains undimmed, and although it emits fewer rays than of yore, its capability of doing so is not destroyed.

The poet is of middle stature, and unbowed by age—Indeed, in his motions he is, to use a common but expressive figure, as "brisk as boy." Nothing on earth is more delightful, I think, than a cheerful, intelligent old man.—And such is Samuel Rogers. He, indeed possesses all "the pleasures of memory,"

and has had the rare good fortune to live, and experience what he sung about years and years ago. His conversation was lively and piquant, but did not exhibit any of those sallies of wit, which are so often attributed to him in the newspapers, under the head of 'Sam Rogers' last,' &c. To Coleridge's observations he was profoundly attentive; but the great conversationalist was not in a very talking humor, and I was rather glad of it, as it gave me a better opportunity of using my eyes, than I should have had, had his words fallen on my charmed ear. Mr. Rogers received me very kindly, without an introduction, for Coleridge, with his usual absence of mind, or rather utter disregard of all the minor courtesies and usages of society, neglected to present me to Mr. Rogers, until the latter looked very hard at me, and I reminded Coleridge that he had a companion.

What a magnificent room was that library of Rogers's! There were paintings from the hands of the best ancient and modern masters, in gorgeous frames. Portfolios of the choicest and rarest prints—water color drawings, by every artist of celebrity, of past and present times—rare specimens of *virtu*, which would have thrown the proprietor of Strawberry Hill into a very flutter of excitement. Busts, some brown with age, and others in all the brilliant modern whiteness of Carrara marble—costly gems and priceless intaglios. Books, curious in their old literal board covers, with ancient silver clasps and venerable letters. Manuscripts, so precious from time, and in consequence of the labor which had been bestowed on them by gray monks, in solemn old cells, ages since, that they were shrined in crystal cases. There was a large piece of Amber, in which was a fly enclosed, perfect and unutilized, leaving us to wonder how it got there, and achieved its transparent immortality. Sidney Smith once taking it up said, "perhaps it buzzed in Adam's ear." And there were vases of exquisite form and workmanship—relics from Pompeii and from far away India; and all so tastefully disposed that no *Museum* effect was produced, nor did any object so obtrude itself as to detract from the apparent value to the impression produced by another.

On a pedestal was a bust of Pope, modelled, at least so far as a part of the drapery was concerned, by the artist (Roubillac, I believe,) in the presence of Mr. Rogers. But there was two objects in the room, which, more than any others, engrossed my attention; the one represented the enormous wealth of its possessor, and the other indicated his keen appreciation of the value of mind. These articles were simply two pieces of paper, in good frames. One of them was a Bank of England note for one million pounds sterling, and the other the original receipt of John Milton for five pounds, (the sum he received for the copyright of *Paradise Lost*, from Simmonds, the bookseller.) The bank note was one of the only four which were ever struck from a plate, which was afterwards destroyed. The Rothschilds have one impression; the late Mr. Coutts had another; the Bank of England the third, and, as I have said, Mr. Rogers decorates his parlor with the remaining one. There it hangs, within any one's reach—a fortune for many, but valueless to all excepting its owner. No one would think of stealing it, for it would be only as so much waste paper. It never could be negotiated without detection, and, were it destroyed by fire from its peculiar character no loss would ensue to Mr. Rogers. At his word, however, it might be transformed into a golden shower. He, alone, is the magician who can render it all-powerful for good or evil.

With a far different class of feelings I gazed upon the handwriting of "The blind old man of London."

I imagined the mighty man at his dwelling in Artillery Walk, near Bunhill Fields Burying Ground, dictating to his daughter, and sitting in his antique chair,

"Whilst visions rose,
Of gorgeous beauty, round the bard's repose;"

so quietly enduring the shrewish temper of his wife, who, if report be true, sometimes made the house too hot to hold him. Yes, that very paper had been touched by Milton! His own hand had traced those almost illegible characters! Oh that the paper had possessed the power of one of Litch & Whipple's daguerreotype plates, so that we might have had the poet's face stamped on its surface!

One after another, the breakfasting party dropped in. I knew most of them by sight, and all by repute. Leigh Hunt was amongst the earliest arrivals. He was about the average height, and somewhat older than I should have supposed—but anxiety and adversity had done their work on his frame. Unlike Rogers, his life had been one of privation and endurance. His hair was parted in the very centre of his forehead, and carefully combed towards either side. Once it had been raven black—but now it was so thickly streaked with the frostwork of mental toil and time, that it appeared of iron grey. His eyes were very dark and vivacious, and beamed with that kindly expression which any one may be sure Leigh Hunt wears, who reads his delightful works. There was a fullness about the lower part of his face, which rather marred the general pleasant expression, but his mouth was indicative of much amiability of disposition; his cheeks were whiskerless, which gave somewhat of a boyish air to his appearance—and this was increased by his manner of wearing his collar, which was ample, and turned down, *a la Byron*. There was a slight stoop of his shoulders—that bend which is almost a characteristic of studious men, and his dress was ill fitted, and hung ungracefully about a spare and somewhat attenuated figure. So much for the author of *Rimini*, who, as soon as he had greeted the master of the house strolled to wards the bookshelves.

Thomas Campbell had been invited, but, much to my sorrow, he did not make his appearance, although I looked anxiously for him amongst every new group of visitors. I should have liked to see the poet's of Hope and Memory together, but it was not to be. I afterwards frequently saw Mr. Campbell and, in a future sketch, shall introduce him to my readers.

Crofton Croker, author of the *Fairy Legends of Ireland* came into the room arm in arm with William Jordan, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*. Croker and Jordan presented a striking contrast; the fairy chronicler being little of stature—some four foot nothing—and Jordan standing over six feet in his stockings. Little Croker had a shining bald head, a round, dumpling, good humored face; and Jordan a physiognomy of hard, Scotch character, that looked as if it had been washed in vinegar and rubbed dry with a nutmeg grater. The rich brogue of the Irishman, and the broad twang of the Scotchman, were conspicuous enough. The faces of these gentlemen were by no means indices of their respective dispositions, for it is well known that Croker is by no means indulgent to others; whereas, Jordan is a merciful critic, a kind hearted man, and a fosterer of struggling men of genius—such, for instance, as Thomas Miller the author of a "*Day in the Woods*," &c.

And there was Miller amongst the guests. He was pointed out to me by Doctor W. Cooke Taylor, as profound a scholar, and as amiable a man, as ever trod the Irish soil. At Trinity College he was the first man of his day,

and now he stands, in many respects, second to none. As a Hebrew scholar he has not his equal.

Thomas Miller, I looked at with no ordinary interest; he had just then made a sensation in London, and was amongst the lions of the day. His history is somewhat singular. I shall avail myself of the privilege afforded by this discursive sort of scribbling, and relate the chief incidents connected with it, as I afterwards heard them from his own lips.

I had read, with considerable interest, a work entitled "*A Day in the Woods*," by Thomas Miller, Basket Maker, and felt not a little delighted with his vivid and graphic descriptions of rural and forest scenery. Nothing so natural and fresh had appeared in our literature. Even Bloomfield failed to convey so happy an idea of country life as Miller. One morning I enquired his address and determined to call on Mr. Miller, trusting to the frankness and amiability which pervaded every page of his book, for his excuse of my introducing myself to him. I had a long walk down St. George's road, Southwark, on a dismal, drizzling November day—and that was no joke, as any one familiar with a foggy day, at that time of the year, in London can testify. After much inquiry I found out Elliot's Row, to which place I had been directed, and when I had ascertained the group of houses, in one of which the poet resided, I had great difficulty in finding out the exact dwelling. The very people who lived next door to Miller, did not know of such a person—although half of literary London was ringing with his praises, and crying him up, as a newly-found genius. Such is fame in the mighty metropolis!

At length, on inquiring at a humble but neat looking domicile, I was told by an interesting looking little girl that her father (the poet) resided there. I entered, asked to see him, and presently he came down stairs.

I introduced myself, told him I had read his works, which had delighted me by their truthfulness, and much desired to see him before I left town. He very kindly shook me by the hand, and after some agreeable chat, we made an appointment to dine with each other, at a chop house in the Strand, the next day. The story of his life, which he told me on the latter occasion, was to the following effect:

He was born on the borders of Sherwood Forest, where Robin Hood and his merry men flourished in times of old. From childhood (he was then about five or six and twenty,) he had loved to wander in the green woods and lanes, and unconsciously his poetic sensibilities were thus fostered. His station in life was very humble, and at an early age he learned basket-making, by which occupation he earned a bare subsistence. He married early, and the increasing wants of a family led him to try the experiment of publishing some poems and sketches, but owing to want of patronage, no benefit resulted to him. He at last determined to go to London—that fancied paradise of young authors—that great reservoir of talent—too often, that grave of genius. Thither he went, leaving, for the present, his family behind, and, alighting from the stage coach, found himself in the Strand—a stranger amongst thousands—with just seven shillings and sixpence in his pocket. He soon made the melancholy discovery that a stranger in London, however great may be his talents, stands but a poor chance of getting on, without the assistance of some helping hand; so, to keep body and soul together, he set to work making baskets. In this occupation he continued some time, occasionally sending some little contribution to the periodicals. At length Fortune smiled on her patient wooer. One day, whilst he was engaged in bending his osiers, he was surprised by a visit from Mr. H. Harrison, editor of the "*Friendship's Offering*," an English Annual. That gentleman had seen one or two pieces of Miller's, and been struck with their originality. He found him out, after much labor, and asked him to write a poem for the forthcoming volume or the *Offering*.

Miller told me that he was so poor then that he had not pen, ink, or paper; so he got some whitey-brown paper, in which sugar had been wrapped, mixed up some soot with water for his ink, and then sat down—the back of a bellows serving for a desk and wrote his well known lines on an "*Old Fountain*." These beautiful verses being completed, he sealed his letter with some moistened bread for a wafer, and forwarded them, with many hopes and fears, to the Editor. They were immediately accepted, and Mr. Harrison forwarded the poet two guineas for them. "I never had been to rich in my life before," said the Basket maker to me, "and I fancied some one would hear of my fortune and try to rob me of it—so, at night, I barred the door and went to bed, but did not sleep all night, from delight and fear." Miller still, to his honor, continued the certain occupation of basket making, but he was noticed by many—amongst others by Lady Blessington, who sent for him, recommended his book, and did him substantial service. "Often," said Miller, "have I been sitting in Lady Blessington's splendid drawing-room in the morning, talking and laughing as familiarly as in the old house at home, and, on the same evening I might have been seen standing on Westminster Bridge, between an apple vender and a baked-potato merchant, vending my baskets."

Miller now tried his hand at a novel, *Royston Gower*, which succeeded well, and then another, *Fair Rosamond*—he read diligently at the British Museum, and was perseveringly industrious. Jordan took him by the hand, and he contributed a good deal to the *Literary Gazette*—He is, at the time I write, himself a publisher in Newgate street, London. Miller is rather below the middle height, his face is round and rosy looking, and he wears a profusion of light hair. He has a strong Nottinghamshire dialect, and possesses little or none of the awkwardness of a countryman. Next to William and Mary Howitt, he is the best writer on rural matters in England; and I am quite sure, that were his later works reprinted in America, they would have an extensive sale.

There is a quick footfall, or rather a series of them, on the stairs—and Theodore Hook enters. But as I have arrived at the point to which I have limited myself, in each paper, I shall postpone the conclusion of the Rogers' Breakfast "until my next."

Boston Atlas.

MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES. OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NATIONAL PALACE, MEXICO, March 25, 1845.

The undersigned, Minister of Foreign Relations, in addressing himself for the last time, to his Excellency, Mr. Wilson Shannon, Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States, desires to inform him, that as both houses of the United States Congress have sanctioned the law in relation to the Annexation of Texas to the territory of the United States, and as the Minister from Mexico has withdrawn from his mission at Washington, and protested against the act of Congress and the Government of the United States, diplomatic relations between the two countries cannot be continued.

What can the undersigned add to what has already been said by his Government upon the grave offence offered Mexico by the United States, usurping a portion of Mexican territory, and violating the terms of treaties of friendship,

which the Republic of Mexico has observed on her part as long as her honor and the desire to avoid a rupture with the United States have permitted? Nothing more than to lament that two nations, free and republican, contiguous [vecinos] and worthy of a fraternal union, founded upon mutual interests and a common and honourable loyalty, should have cut short their friendly relations, and by an act as offensive to Mexico as it is derogatory to the honor of the American Union.

The undersigned renews to his Excellency, Mr. Shannon, the protest already directed against Annexation, and moreover would add, that the Mexican Republic will oppose the measure with all the decision due to her own honor and sovereignty, and that the Government ardently desires that considerations of loyalty and justice should yet outweigh with the citizens of the United States, designs for extending their territory at the expense of a friendly Republic, which in the midst of its misfortunes [disgracias] seeks to preserve an unspotted name, and thereby the rank to which its destinies call it.

The undersigned has the honor to offer to his Excellency, Mr. Shannon, his personal respect, and to assure him of his very distinguished consideration.

LUIS G. CUEVAS.

The general circular is as follows:

The undersigned, Minister of Foreign Relations, has the honor to transmit to his Excellency, the Minister of — the following circular, being impelled to employ this means of transmitting to his [your] Government, in this note the solemn and formal protest of the Mexican Republic, suggested by an act which, wounding to the last degree the rights and honor of Mexico, is equally destructive to the universal principles of justice, to the respect due free and intelligent nations, and the good faith which civilization has fixed as the basis of international intercourse [internacional politica.] His Excellency, Señor —, will understand that the undersigned has reference to the law passed by the Congress of the United States, and sanctioned by the Executive, for the Annexation of the Department of Texas to the American Union.

To present, in all its deformity, this act of the Congress and Government of the United States, the alarming consequences of its conduct towards the Mexican Republic, would be useless labour, inasmuch as this note is addressed to the representative of a nation as illustrious as it is powerful, which, sustaining nobly the rank it occupies in the world, respects the laws of comity [buena amistad] between foreign nations, and founds its glory upon the immutable titles of morality and justice. The Government of the undersigned has no occasion to exhibit all the grounds upon which it relies for its resistance of this measure of annexation, as they are obvious and known to all, and as the feeling excited among friendly nations, and even those which have no official relations with Mexico, will be profound upon learning of a measure so injurious and offensive to Mexico, and so utterly unworthy the honor [buen nombre] of the United States.

But the undersigned will take occasion to observe to his Excellency, Señor —, that the American Government having been the first to acknowledge the independence of the Republic of Mexico, showing itself a zealous partisan of liberty, has been the only one which has endeavoured to usurp a portion of her territory. He would also add, that, as it appears from recent declarations the designs of the United States have been as old as the friendship which it was sought to confirm—first, by a treaty of amity, and by another for the adjustment of boundaries—which has now been completely violated. In aiding Texas to sever herself from the Republic, the United States were wanting in good faith; but in aiding to incorporate Texas with the American Confederation, and declaring that this has been her policy for twenty years, she has pursued a course which has no parallel in the history of civilized nations.

Mexico, to avoid differences which for the most part had no foundation in justice, [against her] has submitted to serious compromises; she has overlooked provocations and injuries, and has preserved her loyalty with such fidelity as to give her more right—if the right she possesses can be increased—to speak out and protest, as the undersigned now does, against the Annexation of Texas to the United States and against all its consequences. The Mexican Republic will employ in opposition to this measure, her power and her resources, and trusting in the justice of her cause, does not fear to give assurance, that whatever may be the result, she will preserve the honor which at any cost she ought to defend in the very grave matter under consideration.

With this view, the undersigned requests his Excellency, Señor —, to give this protest its proper direction, at the same time to accept the assurance of his most distinguished consideration.

LUIS G. CUEVAS.

UNITED STATES LEGATION, March 31st, 1845

The undersigned, Envoy Extraordinary, &c., of the United States, has the honor of acknowledging the receipt of his Excellency's, Señor Cuevas's, Minister of Foreign Relations, &c., note of the 28th of March announcing that the Congress of the United States has sanctioned the Annexation of Texas to its territory; that the Mexican Minister at Washington had terminated his official relations, and protested against the said act of the Congress and Government of the United States, and that diplomatic relations between the two countries could not be continued.

The liberal and honorable sentiments entertained by the actual Government of Mexico, had induced the undersigned to hope that the differences which exist between the two Governments could be arranged amicably upon terms just and honorable to both. It would appear, however, from the note of His Excellency Señor Cuevas, that Mexico declines to adjust these differences in this manner, and thus preserve the peace of the two countries.

The undersigned can assure His Excellency Señor Cuevas, that his (Mr. Shannon's) Government entertains the liveliest desire to cultivate amicable relations with that of Mexico; and here he will improve this opportunity to repeat that which he has before communicated to the Government of Mexico, to wit: that the United States has not adopted the measure of Annexation in any spirit of hostility towards Mexico, and that the United States are anxious to settle all questions which may grow out of this measure, including that of boundaries, in terms the most just and liberal.

Having offered the olive branch of peace, and manifested a sincere desire to arrange these questions amicably and upon principles just and honorable to both governments, the United States have done what ever is in their power to preserve the friendly relations between them, and it now remains for Mexico to decide whether they shall be continued, or whether the peace of the two countries shall be broken by a conflict equally injurious to both, and which can give satisfaction only to the enemies of civil liberty and republican institutions.

The undersigned will pass over in silence the charge made against his government of having violated the treaty of friendship with Mexico. The right of Texas to cede the whole or a part of her territory to the United States, and the right of the United States to accept such cession, have already been amply vindicated repeatedly.

The undersigned has received no official communication as to the action of

his government in regard to the Annexation of Texas to the Union; nevertheless, he cannot doubt, from the tenor of his personal correspondence, that the measure has been passed by Congress and approved by the President. He expects daily despatches from his Government, with special instructions upon this subject, and before taking any further steps, has resolved to await their arrival. The undersigned has the honor, &c.

WILSON SHANNON, Minister, &c.

In reply to the above, the following letter was sent two days after:—

NATIONAL PALACE, Mexico, April 2, 1845.

The undersigned, Minister of Foreign Relations, has the honor to communicate to His Excellency Mr. Shannon, Minister, &c., in reply to the note of His Excellency of the 31st March, that the Government of Mexico cannot continue diplomatic relations with the United States upon the presumption that such relations are reconcilable with the law which the President of the United States has approved in regard to the Annexation of the Department of Texas to the American Union: that this determination is founded upon the necessity which Mexico is under of maintaining no friendship with a Republic which has violated her obligations, usurped a portion of territory which belongs to Mexico by a right which she will maintain at whatever cost; that the relations between the two countries cannot be re-established before a complete reparation of that injury, [agravio] such as is demanded by good faith, justice to Mexico, and the honor of the United States, is made.

Moreover, the undersigned will take the liberty to say to his Excellency Mr. Shannon, that if the United States Government thinks that it entertained friendly sentiments towards Mexico at the time of giving such offence, and when attacking the integrity of the Republic of Mexico, this Government (Mexico) is very far from entertaining the same views, or of acquiescing in the assurances which his Excellency Mr. Shannon has given, whatever may be its sentiments towards his Excellency personally.

The undersigned, in making this announcement to his Excellency Mr. Shannon, doing so by the order of the President of Mexico—cutting short a new discussion which the interruption of the relations of the two countries will not permit, and because nothing can be added to what this Department has already said—has the honor to renew the assurances of his very distinguished consideration.

LUIS G. CUEVAS.

Imperial Parliament.

GRANT TO MAYNOOTH.

House of Commons, April 3.

Sir ROBERT PEELE brought before the House on Thursday night, his motion that leave be given to bring in a bill to amend the acts relating to the College of Maynooth. The right hon. gentleman entered at length into the subject—he submitted that they had three courses before them with respect to Maynooth—they might continue without any alteration the existing amount of annual grant to that college—they might abandon it by giving proper notice of their intention, and providing for existing interests—or they might, in a liberal and friendly spirit, adopt the institution as one necessary for making adequate provision for the spiritual instruction of millions of their fellow-countrymen, and thus elevating and improving the whole tone and character of their education. He felt that of these three courses the first was the one most open to objection, for it was absurd to pretend to educate spiritual instructors for millions of people for the miserable sum of £9,000 (Hear, hear.) To discontinue the grant altogether he could not consent to, but the last course proposed they were prepared to adopt, and they should do so in a liberal and confiding spirit, in order that well-educated priests might be provided for the Roman Catholic Church. The nature of the Government proposition was this:—He proposed that the trustees should be incorporated under the name of trustees for the College of Maynooth, and that they should be empowered to hold real property to the extent of £3000. In order that liberal salaries might be given to the president, professors, &c., £6000 should be vested in the trustees, enabling them to give salaries of £250 or £300 per annum, and support the library of the institution. It was proposed that provision should be made for the education of 500 pupils. £40 a year each should be granted for the Danbyne Students, 20 in number; and the rest by a grant of £23 each, but 250 of these being also Divinity Students, they should have a further allowance of £20 a year each—making in the whole an annual charge of £36,360. He also proposed that the building should be increased, so as to give one decent apartment to each student. For this purpose, and also for repairs and embellishments, he should propose a distinct vote of £30,000, of course not annual. The annual repairs should be made by the Board of Works. He further proposed that there should be five visitors, annually instead of triennially, but they should have no power of interfering with doctrine, discipline, or worship; for he was not disposed to spoil a measure intended to be conceived in a spirit of unmixt liberality. The measure had not been brought before the House without communicating with high Catholic authorities. They had been told what was intended to be done, and he had every reason to believe that the propositions would be received with a grateful and satisfied feeling. (Loud cheers.)

The measure was directly opposed by Sir R. Inglis and Mr. Plumptre, and approved by Lord F. Egerton, Lord Sandon, and others, who usually vote with the Government. Mr. Ward and Lord John Russell spoke on the same side, the former reserving to himself to propose in committee, that the money should be taken from other sources than the Consolidated Fund: the House divided:—For the Resolution, 217; against it, 114: majority, 102.

ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.

APRIL 23, 1845.

This noble Society celebrated its anniversary on Wednesday last at Sanderson's Hotel, Chesnut Street, Philadelphia. It was indeed a glorious day and was ushered in with all the pomp and circumstance—not of "Glorious war," out of a Spirit of kindness and benevolence towards the suffering part of the human family, more particularly those whose lot it has been to be born in Old England. We all know the sadness attending a first landing in America, (which though emphatically the Poor man's home,) is not less a scene of trial and tribulation for the virtuous emigrant on his first landing; and until he gets in a measure assimilated to the People of America and the People of America to him. We scarcely know a more perilous position for the families of the Emigrant to be placed in than those on his first arrival on these shores, devoid of experience—surrounded possibly by harpies eager to wring from him his small pittance saved from years of toil and tribulation in his own country, and landing in our sphere, new, untried to him and to his family, which are near and dear to him. Nor can we join in the outcry now so much in fashion, against the foreigner who wishes by emigrating to this continent to change, or to better

his condition, by transferring his capital, or skill, or labour, to the shores of this continent. Such an individual deserves the encouragement and not the reproach of this community; he throws his mite into the common stock, and thus promotes in the aggregate the wealth and power of these United States. Grant that he is apt to be led away by hot-headed enthusiasts in politics or religion; still the march of intellect will speedily rectify all errors of politics—all religious enthusiasm—and he will become the scion of, we trust, a virtuous stock of American citizens.

In this Society we have an entire absence of all political differences. The promotion of the good of our unfortunate fellow countrymen is its only object; our cause is the cause of Charity to the natives of England and to their families who may need our assistance.

A large number of Members were balloted for at the Quarterly meeting held on the morning of the day, and a number were put in nomination for membership. The Society is cordially recommended to natives of England, their Sons and Grandsons.

About \$200 were judiciously disposed of at the morning—towards the relief of the necessities and distressed of our Fatherland.

THE DINNER.—The note of preparation was sounded early in the morning—by our friend Sanderson of the Franklin Hotel. The Stewards and Officers of the Society were in early attendance—making all the necessary arrangements for the festive occasion. Sully's splendid picture (*full length*) of Victoria, was placed at one end of the apartment, with the British Ensign on the right hand, and the American on the left; all the other flags and banners, were tastefully and beautifully placed.

The Company was more numerous than on any previous occasion for many years; that eminent Professor Norton was one of the invited guests and gratified the company with some of his choicest Solos on the Cornet à Piston.

Mr. Dempster, the eminent vocalist, delighted the company with some of his most favorite ballads.

Mr. Wm. Quayle, the favorite Singer, very much contributed by his pathetic strains to the evening's enjoyment.

Hazard's favorite band was in attendance, and contributed by playing some of their most favorite pieces during the repast and afterwards, to the gratification of the Company.

The dinner was on table precisely at 5 o'clock—Elijah Dallett, Sen., Esq., the President of the Society, took the Chair, supported by Mr. Petre, her Britannic Majesty's Consul, the Presidents of the Welsh, St. Andrews', and other Societies, and many other invited guests.

Joseph Sill, Esq., Vice President, took the chair at the other end of the table, and by his gentlemanly and pleasing manners contributed extensively to the happiness of the party.

As the company entered the large dining apartment the Band struck up "Roast beef of Old England." A most excellent dinner was, as usual, placed on the table by an excellent host, Sanderson, the discussion of which occupied the company till past 7 o'clock, doing full justice to the excellence of the banquet. The cloth being removed, the President called on the company to prepare for the toasts, by filling bumpers. He gave the following

STANDARD TOASTS.—1. The Day. May it be dedicated by the sons of St. George wherever associated, not less by a sincere regard for their suffering countrymen, than for the special pleasures of the festive Board.

Music Solos on the cornet a piston, by Mr. Norton—accompanied on the piano by Mr. Stanbridge.

2. The Queen. The sovereign of a mighty empire—may her desire for the happiness of her subjects be commensurate with the extent of her dominions, and while she gives a lustre to the British crown, may she be a crown of rejoicing to her people.—The national anthem was then sung from verses, by Mr. Sill, V. President of the Society. Verse and Chorus by Messrs. Dempster, E. Dallett, Esq., President, and Oakford. This was drank with three times three cheers, and one cheer more. They were heard several squares off.

3. The President of the U. S. May it be his brightest ambition to become worthy of his exalted station—Music, the President's March. Ballad, Mr. Dempster—"I've wandered over many climes."

4. The memory of George Washington. The first and the greatest President of the U. States,—while we venerate his character, we would cherish his memory in our inmost hearts.—Drank, standing in silence. Requiem, by Messrs. Dallett, Oakford, and Hopper—"Peace to the soul of the Hero." With accompaniment on the piano, by Mr. Stanbridge.

5. England and the United States. By Mr. Sill, V. President. Mr. Sill said, Sir, I beg leave, with your kind permission, to propose this toast, because sir, I wish to preface it with a few remarks. He had, and they all had, a very deep interest in the New and Old World. England and America—those favored nations—blessed with freedom beyond every other—where liberty of the Press, education, nature, climate, all contribute their stores to the happiness of the people. These nations are the subjects of our present toast. The theory of the Governments, and the constitutions of those vast empires was beautiful,—it is the perfection of human reason. While thus beautiful in theory, do we carry out those theories in practice towards the defenceless of our communities,—the sable faces of America, and the tawny tribes of the eastern world—do we, in fact, render equal justice to all men? Do we act a Christian part towards the people of a different color? With respect to the disputes between the Old Country and America, at this moment, (Mr. S. observed, for we cannot attempt to report his excellent address in full,) that no war should be permitted to take place between the people,—the Pen. the Diplomat, by treaty, ought to settle all differences. It would be a shocking spectacle to witness two *Xan* nations of one language and origin, bathing their hands in each others blood—about Oregon and Texas!! Let all differences be settled in the most liberal and friendly manner. The most liberal policy between nations (as with individuals) is the best in the long run. Mr. Sill gave the Toast. England and the United States, as Governments claiming to be the freest in the world—may they ever bear in mind that freedom is inconsistent with thralldom, and that the most liberal and general policy is the best, whether it relates to the rights of man, or the extension of empire, to the encouragement of manufactures, or the enlargement of commerce.—By the Band—"Rule Britannia," followed immediately by "Yankee Doodle." Song by Mr. Field,—"Young Lobski said to his ugly Wife."

6. The memory of our departed associates,—Doctor Pilmore, Wm. Young Birch, John Vaughan, Joseph Todhunter, and all other devoted friends and benefactors, true Englishmen who deserve our veneration.—Song, Wm. Oakford, "The Fine Old English Gentleman."

7. Our Native Land. Full of the sweetest and ennobling reminiscences—may it be our happiness to see it again ere we die.—Song, Mr. Quayle, "Twas not mine own Native Land," with rapturous applause, and an *encore*.

8. Shakespeare, Immortal Will! He died on this day, 229 years ago, when he was only 52 years old. But tho' few was his days, he has left a name that will never die; that will improve and delight mankind to the end of time.—Glee, "When shall we three meet again," by Messrs. Dallett, Oakford, and Hopper, the piano by Mr. Stanbridge.

9. Education. The great pacific reformer, and the moral lever, by which the lowly peasant is raised to the stature of the prince.—Trio, Messrs. Quayle, Hopper, and Oakford, "The Master and Scholar," with great applause.

10. The Welch, St. Andrews, Hibernian, New England, German, and French Benevolent Societies. Fountains of blessing to their respective people—may their supplies be full, fresh, and perennial.

Music by the band.

Professor J. K. Mitchell of the Jefferson Medical College, returned thanks. He regretted, he always should regret, that the very agreeable task had not fallen on a more deserving, more competent, and more eminent individual than the person who now stood before them. It had been his lot on former occasions to meet this Society, but he must say, he was bound to say, that on no previous occasion had he seen so much hearty good will, so much of English feeling as appeared on this occasion. He knew Englishmen indeed always to carry their hearts in the right place, that they could always be depended on. It was never a disagreeable task to bear testimony to good men, good eating, and good drinking. The learned Doctor then stated that he attended here as the representative of the St. Andrews Society; descended as he was from the land of Bruce, Wallace, Scott, and Burns, he would beg to add that he also attended here as the representative of the talented, estimable, and venerable Prof. N. Chapman, of the University of Penn. our very worthy President of the St. Andrews. The worthy doctor assured him that he deeply regretted his inability to attend. He had met with a severe accident during the late frost; in stepping into his carriage, he had fallen on the ice and had the misfortune to break his arm. This my learned friend calls a *miscarriage*. He however facetiously added, that his greatest regret was that he could not take your *slings* instead of his own. Gentlemen, your bottles are full—your tables are full—your hearts are full—He wished to propose as a toast, The St. George's Society of Philadelphia, founded on Benevolence, long may it continue to prosper, &c., and the health of Prof. Chapman—to which was added that of Dr. Mitchell—Drank with great enthusiasm.—Music.

11. Pennsylvania. Her escutcheon restored to its brightness—her honour redeemed—may her executive—her Legislature, and her whole people determine, that it shall never henceforth be tarnished—Song, Mr. Dempster, "John Anderson my Joe."

12. Woman. When she was made, Creation was finished, and behold it was very good—Song, "Let the toast be dear woman."—Glee, Messrs. Dallett, Dempster, and Hopper, "Here's a health to all good lasses."

13. The land we live in.—Music, "Hail Columbia."—Song, Mr. Quayle, "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean."

14. Our Sister Societies of New York, Albany, and elsewhere. Through the generosity of their members, and the activity of their officers, may they be a blessing to the poor and afflicted, and an honour to Old England.

The regular toasts having at this period been got through; G. N. Harvey, Esq., proposed as a toast, the Society of the Sons of St. George of Philadelphia, founded on praiseworthy and noble motives; long may it endure as a monument of benevolence.—Song, "The Ship on Fire."

By Mr. Scholefield—The health of Wm. Petre, Esq., Her Britannic Majesty's Consul in this City.

Mr. Petre rose with much feeling to return his sincere thanks. It was well known to his esteemed friends, that he had no pretensions to Oratory.—He was he trusted, a plain unassuming man. He trusted he was a friend to the whole of the Anglo Saxon race—being himself an Anglo Saxon. He loved his country and her institutions. He loved his Queen; let him add, also, he loved America. He did hope, there would be no unchristian display of temper—no war—he detested war—no man who loved his race, could ponder on its miseries without a sigh; and for a paltry object. He trusted that both mother and daughter would pause and reflect, and count the cost: let us hope moderation and prudence will prevail. I have lived here five years; I hope to live among you five years longer—God bless you all.

Doctor J. K. Mitchell rose—he said he was so well pleased with the address of his friend, Her Britannic Majesty's Consul, that had he not been anticipated by his long friend opposite, (Scholefield) he would have proposed his health and long life to him. But I see sir, added he, at the other end of the room, two ensigns: one the meteor flag of Old England, "which has braved the battle and the breeze a thousand years," and the Star Spangled Banner of my own native Land, which has had a short but glorious career: may they—mother and daughter—never tear each other in family quarrels.

Song, Mr. Griffith—"My Sister Dear"

Song, Mr. Quayle—"Erin go Bragh."

Song, Mr. Norton—"We will smoke the light Segar."

Mr. Patten proposed the health of our very worthy President, Elijah Dallett, Esq.—Drank with the greatest enthusiasm.—Song, "For he is a right good Fellow." Mr. Dallett was sorry he could not come out in the way he could wish. He wished he had the eloquence of Cicero or Demosthenes, to enable him to express the sentiments he felt, and his deep feeling of gratitude for the numerous favours he had received from this Society. He could but deeply thank them: which he did from the bottom of his heart.

Song, Mr. Harvey—Comic and very good.

Song, Mr. Patten—"William and Jonathan came to town together."

Glee—"Come to the Old Oak tree."—Messrs. Oakford, Dallett and Hopper.

Song, Mr. Hopper—"Down among the dead men."

Duett—"All's Well,"—Messrs. Dempster and Oakford, with immense applause.

Glee—"Oh, who has seen the Miller's wife."

It being now midnight, the great majority of the company departed; a number of choice spirits, however remained, and seemed disposed to prolong the festivities. We anticipate a joyous meeting next year.

It is to be regretted the Society do not build a St. George's Hall; it would be a very handsome ornament to our flourishing city: and as the society is getting wealthy, it might be made productive to its funds.

Miscellaneous Articles.

TALLEYRAND AND FOUCHÉ.

M. de Talleyrand descended from a family of the noblest lineage, destined by his birth for the army, doomed to the priesthood by an accident, which deprived him of the use of one foot, having no liking for this imposed profession,

successively bishop, courtier, revolutionist, and emigrant, then afterwards minister for foreign affairs under the directory, M. de Talleyrand had retained something of all these different states: there was to be found in him a touch of the bishop, of the man of quality, and of the revolutionist. Having no firmly fixed opinion, but only a natural moderation, which was opposed to every species of exaggeration; capable of entering at once into the feelings of those whom he wished to please, either from liking or from interest; speaking a unique language peculiar to that society which had Voltaire for instructor; full of smart, poignant repartees, which rendered him as formidable as he was attractive; by turns caressing or disdainful, demonstrative or impenetrable; careless, dignified, lame without loss of gracefulness; in short, one of the most extraordinary personages, and such a one as a revolution alone can produce, he was the most seducing of negotiators, but, at the same time, incapable of directing, as head, the affairs of a great state; for every leader should possess a resolute will, settled views, and application, and he had none of these. His will was confined to pleasing, his views consisted in the opinions of the moment, his application was next to nothing. In a word, he was an accomplished ambassador, but not a directing minister; be it understood, however, that this expression is to be taken in its most elevated acceptation. For the rest, he held no other post under the consular government. The first consul, who allowed no person the right to give an opinion on the affairs of war and of diplomacy, merely employed him to negotiate with the foreign ministers, on bases previously prescribed, and this M. de Talleyrand did with an art that will never be surpassed. He possessed, however, a moral merit, that of being fond of peace under a master who was fond of war, and of showing that he was so. Endowed with exquisite taste, uniting with it unerring tact, and even a useful indolence, he was able to render real services, by simply opposing to the first consul's exuberance of language, pen, and action, his sobriety, his perfect moderation, and his very propensity to do nothing. But he made little impression on that imperious master, from whom he extorted no respect either by genius or by conviction. Thus he had no more empire than M. Fouche, nay, even less, though quite as much employed, and more agreeable. Then, again, M. de Talleyrand said just the contrary to what M. Fouche said. Attached to the ancient *regime*, minus the persons and the ridiculous prejudices of other times, he recommended the re-establishment of the monarchy as soon as possible, or an equivalent for it, by availing of the glory of the first consul in lieu of blood-royal, adding that, if we wished to have a speedy and a durable peace with Europe, we ought to make haste to resemble other states. And while his colleague, Fouche, in the name of the revolution advised that we should not go too fast M. de Talleyrand, in the name of Europe, advised that we should not go so slow. The first consul prized the plain good sense of M. Fouche, relished the graces of M. de Talleyrand, but absolutely believed neither the one nor the other on any subject.—*The Consulate and the Empire by M. Thiers.*

A BOLD WOMAN.

Among the Iliyats I have found more simplicity and frankness than among the inhabitants of villages. Being less bound to the soil than the tiller of the ground, the Iliyats, in their roving habits, are not so cramped in their movements, and evince a greater spirit of independence. But what establishes more than anything else, their decided superiority over the settled inhabitants of villages, and even towns, is the degree of freedom their women enjoy when compared with those of the latter. They are not doomed to that seclusion which spreads such a gloom over Mohammedan society, but mingle freely in the company of the other sex. The confidence which is placed in the virtue of the Iliyat woman raises her in her own estimation, while her own dignity gains her the respect of those around her, and makes her a more fit companion for man. One must not expect, however, to find among them those gentle and refined qualities of the heart which so eminently characterize the true Christian woman. No; the female inmates of the tent are rude, ignorant, and often as wild as their lords; but still they are not deficient in self-abnegation and devotedness to their families. Inured to hardship from their infancy, and, moreover, bold riders, it is not seldom that they show great courage and martial spirit. When I was once on a visit to Kermanshaw I found a branch of the Kalhur tribe, which, during the minority of their chief, was ruled by his mother. I was told that this lady used to place herself at the head of the regiment which the clan was required to furnish for the state, and even offered to conduct the troops in person to the capital for the inspection of the Shah. An anecdote was related to me about this amazon, which, if it does not tally with our notions of right and wrong, shows at least that she was a woman of no common spirit. When yet a spinster, she used to dress in men's clothes, saddle her horse, and, armed with a lance, would sally forth into the desert, there to waylay travellers. An elderly Kurd, who was for some time my companion in that part of the country, related to me, that crossing one day an unfrequented tract, he was suddenly attacked with great impetuosity by an armed horseman, and it was not until he had inflicted some severe wounds on his assailant in self-defence, that he induced the robber to retreat. He had likewise been wounded, and towards the close of day sought refuge at an Iliyat encampment. The chief of the tribe, in whose tent he was lodged, washed and dressed the wounds for his guest, lamenting at the same time that he could not command the help of his daughter, who had been herself that morning roughly handled by a stranger Kurd. This intelligence awakened the curiosity of my narrator, and on inquiring into the nature of her wounds, he was strengthened in his suspicion that the daughter of his host was the very person who had attacked him in the desert. In order, however, to ascertain more fully the fact, he expressed a wish next morning to see the invalid, to which the father made no objection. They met and recognised each other; but as both were wounded and had each fought valiantly, they were quits, and parted friends; nor did the old man evince any resentment against the Kurd; the latter having, moreover, acquired a claim to his protection, having tasted of his salt, and rested under the shadow of his tent. As this anecdote was told me without any wish to produce an effect, but simply as an occurrence which had taken place, I have no hesitation in believing it to be genuine, the more so as it is in keeping with the *couleur locale* Baron de Bode's Travels in Kurdistan and Arabistan.

SEED-CORN.—Two travellers once rested on their journey at an inn, when suddenly a cry arose that there was a fire in the village. One of the travellers immediately sprang up, and ran off to afford assistance; but the other strove to detain him, saying, "Why should you waste your time? Are there not hands enough to assist? Why concern ourselves about strangers?" His friend, however, listened not to his remonstrances, but hastened to the fire, the other following and looking on at a distance. A woman rushed out of the burning house screaming, and crying out, "My children! my children!" When the stranger heard this he darted into the house, amongst the burning timbers, while the flames raged fiercely around him. "He will surely perish," cried the spectators. But after a short time, behold he came forth, with scorched

hair, carrying two young children in his arms, and delivered them to the mother. She embraced the infants and fell at the stranger's feet, but he lifted her up and comforted her. The house soon after fell with a terrible crash. As the stranger and his companion returned to the inn the latter said, "Who bade thee risk thy life in such a dangerous attempt?" The first answered, "He who bids me put the seed into the ground, that it may decay and bring forth new fruit." "But if thou hadst been buried among the ruins!" His companion smiled, and said, "Then should I myself have been the seed."
Lessing's Fables.

PUNCH'S FINANCIAL SCHEME.

The great art of taxation is to get as much as you can, and to levy duties on those articles which are likely to be the most productive. Now the stamp on receipts is all well enough, but a stamp on bills would be much better, for it has been ascertained that receipts are rare in proportion to bills, for there are at the lowest computation at least one thousand of the latter to one of the former. If it were compulsory on every tradesman to send in his bill upon a stamp, a much larger revenue would be collected than can be obtained under the present system. Let any one look through his own private papers, and he will find the preponderance of bills over receipts to be very considerable, and when it is remembered how very large a class are never in the habit of seeing a receipt at all, it seems a piece of gross partiality to let the burden fall on the payment part of the public, while the dishonest man who never settles an account, and never therefore gives occasion for a receipt, contributes nothing to the public income.

Society in general would also benefit by the proposed change, for tradesmen would not be so pertinacious in sending in their accounts where there is no chance of getting the money—if a proper reduction in the shape of a stamp were to be put upon the very obnoxious practice.

The Temperance Movement.—We are happy to hear from a newspaper paragraph that "the spots on the face of the sun are considerably less this year." This looks as if old Sol had been taking the pledge, and that this improvement was owing to his having entirely renounced the use of "mountain dew" and other alcohol. Let us hope, now he has turned teetotaler, he will get up somewhat earlier for the future, and endeavour to show his face in London a little before one or two o'clock in the day.

Board and Lodging Extraordinary.—In a recent advertisement in a morning paper, headed "Grouse Shooting," a gentleman "renting some of the best moors in Scotland," notifies that he "wishes to meet with two or three guns to board and lodge in his house." We wish he may get the guns, and we hope he may pay their shot.

A Local Name and Habitation.—A new Symphony, called *The Desert*, is advertised, at the Italian Opera House. It strikes us Covent Garden Theatre would, for such a subject, have been a much more appropriate building; but perhaps the extreme solitude of the place would have detracted from the enjoyment of the "Desert," by leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination.

Joining the Union.—A person advertises in the *Times* that he "has discovered a most wonderful cement, and would wish some one to join him." The advertiser, then should certainly have stated his height, because, if he is only four feet two, it will be rather awkward for him to be joined by a partner who happened to be six feet three, without his stockings; especially if it be true, as he declares in the advertisement, that the cement, once applied, is of such an adhesive nature, that he will warrant it to keep good for ten years in the warmest climate.

A museum has been opened at Str Petersburg for the special reception and arrangement of the skulls of all the various races of men who have inhabited the vast empire of Russia. Already the collection contains 122 specimens—five of which were found, in January last, in the neighbourhood of Novogorod, at a great depth below the surface of the soil, and in their conformation resemble neither those of the actual inhabitants, nor of the Finnish or German races, which formerly occupied the centre of European Russia, conjointly with the Slavonic population. The Russian naturalists believe these skulls to have belonged to an Asiatic race, which had immigrated to Russia in Europe, and there become extinct,—as in Siberia the once numerous race of the Kergasses, of Mongolian origin, is gradually perishing.

The idea of fitting up railway carriages with refreshment rooms, about to be adopted on the lines between London and Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham, is understood to have originated at a hotel in Hull, on Good Friday last year, amongst a party of innkeepers, who came down in the *Tourist* from Manchester.

In England alone are to be found ten times the number of paintings said to be by the *old masters* than they could have painted in the course of long lives.

DIVING BELLS OF THE MULGRAVE FAMILY.—The first diving bell we read of was nothing but a very large kettle suspended by ropes, with the mouth downwards, and planks to sit on, fixed in the middle of its concavity. Two Greeks at Toledo, in 1588, made an experiment with it before the Emperor Charles the Fifth. They descended in it, with a lighted candle, to a considerable depth. In 1683, William Phipps, the son of a blacksmith, formed a project for unloading a rich Spanish ship, sunk on the coast of Hispaniola. Charles the Second gave him a ship, with every thing necessary for his undertaking; but being unsuccessful, he returned in great poverty. He then endeavoured to procure another vessel; but failing, he got a subscription to which the Duke of Albemarle contributed. In 1687, Phipps set sail in a ship of 200 tons, having previously engaged to divide the profits according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first, all his labours proved fruitless; but at last, when he seemed almost to despair, he was fortunate enough to bring up so much treasure, that he returned to England with the value of £200,000. Of this sum, he got about £20,000, and the Duke of Albemarle £90,000. Phipps was knighted by the king, and laid the foundation of the fortunes of the present noble house of Mulgrave. Since that time, diving bells have been very often employed.

WANTED.—At this office 3 Nos. 11 of Vol. 4, of the Anglo American, for which 12½ cents each will be given.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 9½ a 9 1-2 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1845.

The farther we proceed in observing the public character and conduct of Sir Robert Peel, the more we become convinced that he has become or is becoming

a liberal in his politics; and we use the term emphatically because we would fain rescue it from the opprobrium which those who harbour not a sentiment of liberality in their selfish hearts would fain attach to it. Sir Robert Peel was only a Conservative man, and long held fast to the exploded notions of "the wisdom of our ancestors," beyond which its adherents would not budge; the sharp discussions and the forcible collisions of party about the times of the Irish Emancipation and of Parliamentary Reform made him an Expediency man and caused him to espouse that, for the sake of tranquillity, which was contrary to his notions as abstract principles. Still he had always the grace to give way—which the thorough-going, ultra Tory, never could do—to that which he could foresee was inevitable, and endeavoured to modify what he could not prevent. This, though a diminution of greatness in the ordinary sense of the term, was really great in itself because it directly implied a violence to his own opinions submitted to, for the sake of peace to the community at large. The immense advances that have of late been made in the useful arts, in intercommunion among mankind, and in general education and information, have produced powerful effects on society, and Sir Robert by keeping his eyes and ears well open, and by weighing in his very clear head, all that he sees and hears, has gradually become a Liberal man. Yes, a liberal man in the most elevated sense of the term; one able to relax a grasp when he finds that grasp fettering national and commercial action, one who can confer a favor or a benefit when he finds it can conciliate and yet not be attended with danger to either Church or State; one who can confess a change in his opinion upon a great state question, and prove his sincerity by acting upon it. We would not have the terms "liberal" and "blindly impulsive" considered as synonymous; he only is liberal who yields or who gives frankly upon internal conviction, and we all know how hard a trial it is to the pride of human nature to adopt a course which at some former period we have contemned.

Sir Robert Peel is a Liberal. His whole course during the present session proves him such, and the proposed measure with respect to Maynooth is a splendid instance of it; and he must be a bigot indeed who would carp and cavil at a minister who desires not to confer a benefit by halves, and who wishes to bring all sections of the Empire into "the very bond of peace," by a graceful, dignified, and harmless act of conciliation and liberality. Listen to the manner in which he propounds the motion for the augmented allowance to Maynooth, and then say if we do not properly designate his political character.

The Affairs between Mexico and the United States begin to assume a more and more stormy aspect, the clouds seem revelling and blackening as if the tempest of war were inevitable, yet for all this, we have no belief that hostilities will take place between the two Republics. In the first place the Mexicans will not determine that their plea for war can be perfected until the annexation of Texas to the United States shall have gone through its formalities; secondly, they would like to ascertain the feeling and the probability of assistance from European powers in the event of an appeal to arms, and thirdly, they have neither the "ways and means" nor sufficient internal tranquillity to venture upon warfare against so powerful an agglomeration as the United States of America. All this being the case, we may presume that the government of Mexico will derive no small satisfaction in learning that Mr. Ashbel Smith has suddenly and secretly departed for England upon a mission, the import of which is kept in the utmost privacy.

That there is by no means anything like unanimity in Texas upon the subject of annexation, we need hardly take the trouble to insist, and we have not scrupled to declare our belief that it would not take place under existing circumstances. Still farther we think it within the scope of probability that it never may, notwithstanding our clear conviction that if it can be done consistently with honour, justice, and in conformity to the law of nations it is one of the greatest strokes of policy in the power of an American statesman to achieve. There is a lurking desire in the heart of many a citizen of Texas that the country should be numbered among the recognised independent governments of the world, and the belief that she possesses riches enough, in the quality of her soil and climate, to enable her to support that independence. They may be willing to accept the acknowledgment of their integral condition from the very country from which they have separated, which acknowledgment would take from every other country the pretext of withholding theirs. These considerations cannot but have weight in influential quarters, and, independently of any secret object, may have urged the departure of Mr. Smith to Europe. Nothing could be concluded here until the next session of Congress, but the Texan government might be compromised in the course of negotiations there so that they could not step back; but in the absence of Mr. Smith the negotiation sleeps, and Texas thus obtains several months "to veer and haul upon." If that country had even approached to unanimity on the subject, the proceedings would now have been going on with alacrity, instead of being evaded by the absence of a principal official.

Again, it cannot be looked upon as a piece of spite and envy on the part of Mexico, to offer acknowledgment of independence to Texas—supposing she has made such offer—on condition of the latter never becoming a member of the Union. It is not merely to prevent the United States from gaining such an accession but to preserve Texas as a separator between her and them. It has a policy in it much more than a revenge.

Mexico, however, carries for the present a high head; we give to-day the official letters between Sig. Cuevas and Mr. Shannon, which terminate all diplomatic intercourse between the two governments, together with other official documents relating to the present state of things; not that they amount to anything but formalities and the assumption of warlike attitude, but, (as we do not anticipate much interposition from the other side of the Atlantic) as a sort

of cessation, giving breathing-time, in which fresh arguments may be fashioned, and possibly some friendly mediation may be offered, and finally the whole business may resolve itself into "smoke and oakum."

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY.—The desired object of this society is of so useful and benevolent a nature, that we should be guilty of dereliction of duty if we should pass in silence over its periodical proceedings, although some of its members occasionally pervert the meetings into opportunities for declaiming on Irish Repeal and other matters foreign to the occasion. On Thursday evening a meeting of the society was held at the Minerva Rooms, T. W. Clerke Esq., in the Chair, and a pretty full assembly were present.

The Chairman opened the proceedings in a speech to the following effect. He stated that this was the fourth anniversary of the Irish Emigrant Society. The general objects of the society, as instituted, were too well known to require to be enumerated now, and he felt great pleasure in being able to state his belief that much good had been accomplished by its operations, and those of similar institutions organized for the benefit of English and other emigrants; but they had been surrounded with many difficulties—for instance the number of dens of iniquity ostensibly used as emigrant boarding houses, but which were in reality places of the most infamous character, into which unfortunate emigrants were seduced, where they were first robbed and imposed on, and afterwards ejected by ill-treatment and abuse; and, on the other hand, the number of placards posted every where through this city, misleading and acting as a complete delusion to the minds of the emigrants, as soon as they arrive here, had greatly impeded their progress. Numerous other modes of imposition on the poor emigrant had also attracted the attention of the Emigrant Society, and he hoped that it would ultimately be the means of putting an end to such frauds. Indeed, already these grievances were every day diminishing, and the abuse has naturally decreased, and those who have kept houses of good character have met with every encouragement from the Society. There was also another great evil to be complained of. Last spring an ordinance was passed by the Common Council appropriating a dock exclusively to the landing of emigrants. This step proved very satisfactory, but, by some intrigue or bad management, the dock was entrusted to hands entirely unfit for the trust. In consequence of this circumstance, not only were all the benefits which might naturally be expected from such an arrangement prevented, but the exertions of the committee had been employed to prevent the matter from being a source of corruption and abuse; and he trusted that they would be able, with the concurrence of the British Emigration Society, to place the dock in suitable hands, and prevent the recurrence of evils complained of last year.

Thus far was well, and praiseworthy, but unfortunately as the discussions proceeded some of the speakers were induced to mount that kicking hobby-horse called "Irish Repeal;" and they rode him so hard and so long that the "Irish Emigrant" was forgotten as they flew across the ocean to revive the dying embers of that miserable speculation. One orator who was for inviting "every man, woman and child, in Ireland" to forsake that country, to leave his native home, perhaps did not think that in such an event, though improbable enough, they would in all likelihood be "more free than welcome."

But apart from that nonsense, we are glad to perceive that the Society is active in putting down abuses of a very serious nature to the poor Emigrant, and we hope that their endeavours will be well seconded by the British Emigrant Society recently established here.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

The following are the President's Speech of the St. George's Society and the Report of the Charitable Committee of that society, the authenticated copy of which was sent to us too late for insertion last week. The Report will doubtless be read with pleasure by every friend of humanity.

Brothers of St. George and Gentlemen:—It is I assure you with feelings of the greatest pride and gratification that I arise to address you, on this our 59th Anniversary. Truly glad am I to observe from the numerous company here assembled, that the feeling is as warm as ever in the cause of St. George and Old England.

But in thus greeting you, and thus rejoicing, let me not be unmindful of the distinguished honour you have conferred upon me, by allowing me again to preside over the affairs of your Society.

I am aware in returning you my thanks, that it must be as embarrassing to you to find that I cannot adequately acquit myself, as it is distressing to me to feel the conviction that I labour under such difficulty.

Let me, however, indulge the hope, that during the administration of your affairs for the past year, you must have found some redeeming qualities in me.

I may, although perhaps without any foundation, be allowed this trifling indulgence. Still as our Society is that of Charity, I beseech you thus charitably to deal with me. Having therefore drawn upon your Charity, and under the supposition that you have honoured my draft, allow me without dwelling further on the subject to lay before you an epitome of the affairs of your institution for the past year.

REPORT OF THE CHARITABLE COMMITTEE.

To the President, Vice President and Members of the St. George's Society.—Your Charitable Committee beg to Report as the result of the duties delegated to them:

That the total number of applicants for relief during the last year was 390, the particulars whereof can be seen by reference to your Committee's Report Book.

That of this number 126 were widows, seventeen transient objects of charity, while 35 were not found to come within the limits of the society's bounty, and 91 were placed on the black list, but the greater part of the latter received some assistance previously to the detection of their unworthiness.

That upwards of 140 children, it is ascertained, belonged to the several relieved, whose ages and sex are also noted in the Report Book, and as in many cases husbands and wives applied for and received individual relief, the number of persons benefited would be considerably increased if the families of those persons were included in the statement.

The whole sum drawn from the Society's Treasurer and distributed by the Committee during the past year amounts to \$1506.06. All which is most respectfully submitted.—Signed by the Charitable Committee.
\$1123.70 On hand.

Gentlemen—From the statement I have laid before you, I am sure you cannot but feel a proud satisfaction that the wants of many a poor family have been relieved. The heart of the widow has been caused to beat with joy, and those eyes have been seen to glisten with delight, that otherwise would have been dimmed with sadness, had it not been for your kind and united exertions in our benevolent purposes.

Gentlemen: From the exposition I have made to you of your affairs, it cannot have escaped your notice that our Society is in an unexampled state of prosperity. A long and dreary winter has been passed, and we have yet a large amount in our Exchequer.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The Seguins, Frazer, and Andrews have returned from their tour through the Southern States, and opera is again the order of the hour at this theatre. "The Bohemian Girl" is of course the opening piece of the series, its great popularity being sufficient warranty for that, for not only did it run during the entire time the singers were last in the North, but the music of it has been in requisition among all our military bands, and some of the airs are commonly whistled by the boys in the streets. This last, by the bye, is one powerful test of the merits of operatic compositions; when once its music falls familiarly upon the ear the reputation is permanent. We have heard, however, that it attracted less and less the farther it was removed from the place of its debut, till at length, at New Orleans, it fairly succumbed under the superior attractions of the French Opera. But it must be recollected, that in no part of the United States was it set upon the stage in a manner to be compared with that of the Park Theatre, nor anywhere with so good an orchestra and musical conductor. The houses have been immense all the week, and we have no doubt that it will still run another week without a change.

Mr. Simpson departed for England on Monday last, per Siddons, with a determination to make every enquiry for good artists and to make arrangements for an ample succession of novelties.

BOWERY THEATRE.—Alas, for the Bowery! Where did man devote himself more energetically to restore his damaged fortunes—damaged by conflagration, than the manager of the Bowery; and just as he was beginning to see the dawn of a brighter day, the devouring element has again prostrated him in the dust. That devoted house has, for the fourth time, been burnt to the ground, and almost every particle of property of a destructible nature has been the prey of fire. The cause of the disaster has not reached us; we know however that Mr. Hamblin is man enough to struggle, and we confidently believe that he will surmount it; in the mean time we hope that he will receive the sympathy of his brother managers, and members of the theatrical profession, for well we know he was always among the foremost to give his house for the assistance of others suffering under similar calamities.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The pit theatre made a most brilliant close on Wednesday evening, when manager Mitchell took his benefit. The house was crammed, and the audience held a kind of quiet Saturnalia; there was nothing, however, either boisterous or rude in their conduct. Miss Taylor and Mr. Mitchell had numerous favors showered upon them from the boxes, and literally every member of the establishment was called out. Mr. Mitchell for once played the serious and sentimental, and in excellent terms thanked the audience for the best season, and the most liberal series of benefits to the actors, that he had ever known. The company,—by which we mean both audience and actors—seemed actually unwilling to depart from the house in which so much satisfaction had been experienced.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—On the first day of the present month, that excellent comic actor Mr. De Bar, became associated with Mr. Deverna in this establishment, and we have no doubt that with their taste and liberality the affairs of this theatre will continue to prosper as they have ever since the last named gentleman had the direction of its interests.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—Upon the closing of the Olympic one turns as a matter of course towards Niblo's for the summer amusements; at this time, as we understand, this may be done with pleasurable feelings, for it is very rare that he has engaged a very powerful strength in the way of vaudeville and operetta, a capital band and leader, and moreover that a considerable portion of the French opera company will shortly be here. Whilst we bid a temporary adieu therefore to our favorite place of resort, it is only to hail another which is replete with gratification. We do not yet learn what he is about to bring forward at the opening, but as he has the general favorite, Chippendale, to command his forces, we have no doubt as to the success of the campaign.

PALMO'S THEATRE.—Things are all at sixes and sevens here; poor Dinneford's exertions have been wofully unsuccessful, and greatly we regret it, for he brought out the 'Antigone' in very fine style, and it says little, very little indeed for the public taste that would not even give a trial of its effects. Pass we that, however, as a thing we do not love to dwell on. But this unfortunate manager has entrenched himself in the premises, and though he cannot do any thing himself, he will not let any one else try. This theatre then is likely to be unoccupied during the summer months, at the end of which time we hope to see a reformed Italian theatre under the direction of De Begnis, the ablest manager in this or in any other country. The Italian singers in New Orleans are making use of his name there unwarrantably, as if he was engaged with them, and to proceed with them to Mexico; but this is not the case as he would be compromised by his agents in Italy and in London, where arrangements are on foot for the engagement of a troupe, that we trust will fix the Italian opera upon a permanent basis in this country.

* * Mr. POVEY.—There are few, whether they be theatrical professors, or theatrical patrons in this country who do not know the name of Mr. John Povey; who has been exclusively engaged in dramatic agencies during the last ten years, and has probably introduced more and better artists into every part of the United States than any other agent whatsoever. This gentleman departed for England on Thursday last, by the mail steamer with the intent to remain there some months, to arrange business of that nature for any managers who may choose to avail themselves of his services. We may safely say that Mr. Povey well understands the professional qualities of all who come under his notice, that he is a man of tact enough to understand what dramatic works will suit the American market, that he has had large experience in these matters, and, above all, that he is to the last degree faithful to his trust, and punctual in the performance of his official engagements. We therefore recommend to the caterers of public entertainment to seize the present occasion and avail themselves of services on which they may fully rely.

Literary Notices.

CHARLES TYRRELL, OR THE BITTER BLOOD.—By G. P. R. James.—New York: Harpers.—Another of the indefatigable writer's fictions. It is really astonishing how Mr. James can turn out his novels so rapidly, and so well. He does not reflect so sagely, nor philosophise so gravely, as some others in this department of literature, it is true, but he has an inexhaustible fund of narrative at command; and it is always pleasing, though seldom very exciting.

ZOE, OR THE HISTORY OF TWO LIVES.—By Geraldine E. Jacobsbury.—New York: Harpers.—The authoress has long been celebrated in literature, both for the interest and the tone of her writings. Anything from her can command a sale.

ST. PATRICK'S EVE.—By Charles Leech.—New York: Harpers.—"Harry Lorrequer" appears here in a new light, and we would advise those who affect to think little of the consequences of absenteeism to read this novelette with attention. The scenes are exceedingly graphic in their effect, the reader is fairly carried into the midst of the scenes, and the brogue is made a fine instrument in producing the pathetic.

MOUNT SOREL, OR THE HEIRSS OF THE DE VERES.—Part II.—New York: Harpers.—This completes the story; and we need but to remind readers that it is by the author of "The two old men's Tales" to insure for it a welcome.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—No 1.—New York: Harpers.—This general title very imperfectly conveys the true idea of the scope and utility of the work before us; it is intended to comprise "such subjects as are most immediately connected with housekeeping; as, the Construction of Domestic Edifices, with the modes of warming, ventilating, and lighting them; a description of the various articles of furniture, the preservation of health, Domestic medicines, &c." The work is to be completed in 12 numbers, and will be illustrated by nearly a thousand engravings in wood. This is a really clever and valuable production.

WILD LOVE.—By De La Motte Fouqué.—Philadelphia: Ferrett & Co.—The author of "Peter Schlemihl" has here produced a romance worthy to succeed it.

COUNT LUDWIG, &c.—By Charles Dickens (Boz).—New York: Henry G. Dagers.—This is an omnium gatherum, including stories by Jerrold, Moore, Ainsworth, and Allan Cunningham, and is a pleasing collection.

JOSEPH GRIMALDI, THE CLOWN.—By Charles Dickens.—New York: Dagers.—The life of a man whose fame in his generation has gone through all the world must be interesting. Dickens has also put the materials together in good style; and, besides this, Grimaldi, the man, is quite equal to Grimaldi, the Clown. This will probably be read by persons of every grade and of every habit of thought; and it will be read with advantage.

FRANKENSTEIN, OR THE MODERN PROMETHEUS.—By M. W. Shelley.—N. York: Dagers.—A work of imagination so great, and which has been so graphically illustrated on the stage, needs no farther comment in its favor.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW FOR MARCH 1845.—New York: Leonard Scott & Co.—We need hardly commend this neat reprint of a clever Periodical.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE FOR APRIL 1845.—New York: Leonard Scott & Co.—Punctually and with despatch this valuable Periodical is issued, and, while we abstain from repeating what all the world knows on the value of the work itself, we may note that the reprint is put forth in a neat and correct manner.

NEW YORK JOURNAL OF MEDICINE FOR MAY 1845.—Edited by Charles A. Lee, M.D.—New York: Henry G. Langley.—The present number completes the fourth volume of this valuable work, replete with interesting and useful papers connected with the physical welfare of mankind. This is just the period to commence a subscription, and it well deserves extensive support.

POPULAR LECTURES ON SCIENCE AND ART.—By Dr. Lardner.—N. York: Greeley & McElrath.—The lectures of Dr. Lardner on Science, in every part of the United States, have rendered him exceedingly popular and highly authoritative. We have attended many of them with great satisfaction, and can safely recommend them as useful texts on the subjects on which they treat. Occasionally we have felt inclined, it is true, to differ from him on unimportant points, and, as we purpose to read them deliberately through, we shall venture to present our few objections where they may occur.

THE LONDON ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—This is not merely a "picture sheet," but really a Newspaper ably conducted and very greatly embellished. The proprietors have lately issued, on two large sheets, views of London and the Thames, in a manner highly interesting to all who have any acquaintance with the modern "Babylon the great."

Cricketer's Chronicle.

The St. George's Cricket Club of this city commenced the season on the day of their Patron Saint, and are now in regular play. About the same time also the New York Club, the Brooklyn Club, and a new Club which has not yet decided upon its designation, opened their several campaigns, so that this manly exercise is now a prominent favorite. The St. George's Society persevered steadily and under great difficulty in planting the taste for it in this country, but they have the reward of their exertions in perceiving that by degrees their object has been properly appreciated. Various new Clubs are in progress in different parts of the country, and thus the sports of Old England are following the descendants of her sons across the Atlantic.

DEPARTMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

Painting.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—(Continued.)

BOYLE, FERDINAND.—Nos. 54, 104.—We happened inadvertently to pass by the name of this exceedingly promising young artist, when making our alphabetical arrangement, and we now hasten to put it as nearly in its place as possible. These two pictures contain portraits, the first of a mother, and the second of her children; they are finely finished, and give evident token of talents in a young painter, which, if faithfully cultivated, will bring him to the height of his profession.

CRANCH, C. P.—No. 325.—This artist has five subjects in the exhibition, but the only one which contains striking beauties is a "View from the Palisades, opposite Hastings." He has been happy in his effects of water and of distance, and has produced herein a work of merit.

CRAWFORD, THOMAS G.—No. 265.—"Immortality teaching Love to Hope." A fine specimen of bas relief, in marble; the details, however, are superior to the outline, the figure of Immortality being somewhat faulty as to proportion from shoulder to hip; that portion being a little too long.

CUMMINGS, T. S.—Nos. 249, 250, 251.—The miniatures of this master are worthy of all commendation. The first and last of these we have described in a former number, and the third is a worthy companion to the series.

DARLEY, F. O. C., Philadelphia.—Nos. 312, 357.—These are outline drawings; the former being "The dance of the Demons," illustrating a musical composition by Duggan, and the latter representing the "Examination of Annette" in "La Gazza Ladra." The "dance" is worthy of Fuseli, and the "Examination scene" is equal to the outlines by H. Moses of the Canova works; and this is saying much in their favour.

DOUGHTY, THOMAS, (now in England).—No. 71—"A Land Storm." This is a fine painting and tells its story well. We both see and feel the tempest in its rage as it bends all the trees and the shrubs. The hastening passenger has to lean back against the driving blast, and he appears to have just escaped beyond the danger of a fallen tree, blown down by the force of the wind. The sky is in fine keeping with the subject.

DUGGAN, P. P.—Nos. 296, 369.—Mr. Duggan practises in two departments of Art, No. 296 being a picture on the subject of "Jael and Sisera," which is well handled though without being peculiarly forcible; and 369 being a model in clay representing "An Antediluvian" or fossil man. The latter is a very clever specimen.

DURAND, A. B.—Nos. 39, 171, 175, 223.—The works of this artist are among the best in the exhibition. No. 39 is a touching subject; it is a composition under the title of "An Old Man's Reminiscences." It is a Summer evening, the last cart is returning from the neighbouring hay-field, boys are at various sports on the green, an old and venerable figure is seated under the shade of a spreading tree, viewing the young at play; a beautiful streamlet meandering through the valley, its waters lighted up and glittering, the sun near setting, fine and rich perspective back to the grey mountains in the distance. The effect is charming, and breathes of pastoral poetry and peace; the colouring warm and bright, but is without gaudiness. No. 171 is that beautiful "Close of a Saltry Day," to which we referred when speaking of Mr. Cole's pictures. No. 175 is of the same admirable character; and No. 223 is "The Bride," of which last we warmly admire the drapery and costumery, but the artist has given an unfortunate cast to the eyes which destroys pleasing expression.

EDMONDS, F. W.—Nos. 114, 227.—This gentleman seems to have a keen and delicate sense of humour. These subjects are comic but not broad, and the laughable feeling in the spectator rather increases than diminishes upon contemplating the subjects. No. 114 "Facing the Enemy," represents a stout old gentleman with a nose suspiciously red, and who has probably just "taken the pledge." Between himself and the light stands a decanter of Brandy, shining in semi-transparent purple brightness, and the martyr to temperance is looking at it with a half stern and half gracious regard, but, having apparently "screwed his courage to the sticking place" we are to presume that he resists the devil, thus attacking his most salient point. No. 227, "The New Scholar," is a pet child of a doating mother; she has brought him to school, and the pedagogue who receives him has put on a bland expression of countenance, and hides the instrument of corporal punishment behind him, but the lad has caught sight of it, and shrinks back with vague apprehensions of future experience. The accessories to this picture are all very appropriate, as bats, balls, kites, &c., in one corner; a door opening upon the school room, and children engaged variously seen in the distance; also the "New Scholar's" dog, who seems to share his young master's misgivings. These are two fine paintings.

ELLIOT, C. L.—Nos. 119, 220, &c.—This artist has eight subjects in the exhibition; they are all portraits, and their chief characteristic, besides that of being good likenesses, is that they are life-like and artistical—they breathe a spirit of animation and intelligence. The best of the series are 119, Captain Ericsson, and 220, Mr. Kneeland the Sculptor.

FISHER, ALVAN.—Nos. 72, 157.—This artist has been happy in the execution of his subjects. No. 72 is "Dogs and Game," and he has succeeded in giving that placid expression of a dog in repose which is so strongly contrasted with that of the same animal when in action or excited. No. 157 is a "Landscape with figures" from Irving's Rocky Mountain Scenery. The scene is bold, abrupt, and hazy, but very picturesque, the figures are Indians, some

mounted, who are traversing a gorge of the mountains near the margin of a lake. The group is good, and the colours are very judiciously chosen.

FREEMAN, J. E.—Nos. 45, 64.—The first of these is a "Cupid and Psyche," the latter asleep, the former gazing at her. The head and expression of the Cupid are excellent and poetical, the Psyche though prettily executed is out of drawing, the upper left arm being too short, and of the right a little too long; the drapery is well put in. No. 64 is "Italian Beggar Children," in which the position of the standing figure is natural, well attenuated, as suitable to poverty and hunger, the arms thin, the body spare, the countenance melancholy; but it strikes us that the idea is taken from Murillo. The sleeping figure is but so so, and does not help the story of the subject.

FROTHINGHAM, J.—No. 29.—"Portrait of Hon. Joseph Sprague, Mayor of Brooklyn." A spirited likeness and a good picture; it does great credit to the pencil of the artist.

GIGNOUX, R.—This artist has seven subjects in the exhibition, all landscape scenery, and all of a creditable order of art, but not of very striking interest either in subject or mode of handling, except No. 145, which is a capital winter scene. His drawings in water colours we do not like.

HARRIS, J. T.—No. 188.—"Portrait of Rev. Lot Jones," and a very favorable specimen of Portrait-painting.

HICKS, THOMAS.—Nos. 108, 199, 204.—We regret to find that there are yet but few attempts at grand composition, and still more that those few are not eminently successful. Mr. Hicks in No. 108 has represented his notion of "St John in the Wilderness." The drawing of the figure is bad, the limbs are too slight, the countenance is too cadaverous and too fair for Palestine; and the painter has given us to understand that "Wilderness" means Desert; the 199 is his own portrait, which is well done and with a bold hand; and 204 represents a Horse, a Shetland Poney, and a Spotted Coach-dog. The animals are well drawn except that they are all somewhat too long in the back.

HAVELL, ROBERT.—Nos. 303, 320.—Two Landscapes, the first a "View up the Hudson," and including Tarrytown, the second a view of "Niagara Falls." A Landscape with a town in the foreground is necessarily spotted and broken in its details, but this is pretty well avoided. The foliage in the foreground is defective in the working in. "The Falls" are taken from the American side, and take that portion *en profile*, but the Horse-shoe Fall is in front, and is well done.

Ere we close for the present week, we must announce a new subject which has been brought since our former visit to the Gallery; it is

"A Bacchante," a bust in Marble, by H. K. Brown, who is at present in Rome. This is a very beautiful specimen of Sculpture, being highly poetical in idea, and generally just in its anatomy. The countenance is decidedly of the Grecian mould, the nose sufficiently prominent to give a noble and dignified expression to the features, the forehead high, the eyes moderately large, upper lip short and very slightly over-hanging the lower one, the mouth just disclosed, the chin finely rounded off and sufficiently projected to finish the lower face in good keeping with the upper, and the general expression being rather intellectual than voluptuous. The ears are rather small and partly hidden by the rich and luxuriant tresses of hair. The head is surrounded by a wreath of vine leaves and grapes, and the specimen would be almost faultless were it not that this graceful head stands upon too thick a neck.

NEW YORK ART UNION.

This useful Institution continues adding to its treasures in Art; the following have been added within the last few days:—

REMAINS OF A VILLA OF THE EMPEROR GORDIANUS.—Cole.—We are truly glad to perceive the eagerness with which the works of this excellent artist are purchased. The subject before us is well worthy of his pencil, yet were it not drawn from actual view we should have been skeptical as to its being a Roman Villa, even though it were in a period of Roman decay. It represents a circular tower standing at the foot of the hills near Mont Albano. It is altogether unprotected from heat or other atmospheric inclemency and the scene must have undergone much and essential alteration since the time when it was constructed; there are some fragments of ruins near the tower, denoting bygone architectural beauty. The mountain scenery of this landscape is finely put in, but indeed so are all the details of the picture. The time is evening, the sun is nearly setting, and the moon is just appearing above the mountain-tops. A fine, warm, glowing atmosphere is well adapted to the genius of the subject.

CAATSKILL MOUNTAINS (Evening).—Cole.—The mountains in the background are in rich gray tint, obscured so that nothing is distinct except the outlines defined against the clear, warm, evening sky. The autumnal foliage in the foreground contains all the gorgeous colours peculiar to this country, elaborately wrought and exquisitely finished. These two pictures are gems of landscape.

The Art Union has likewise received three new Landscapes from the easel of Mr. Havell, to whose merits we have alluded in our notice of the Academy of Design. The subjects are

- "North River Scenery, from Sing Sing upwards,"
- "North River Scenery, from above Tarrytown downwards,"
- "Lake Mayhoppack and the adjacent Scenery."

MERCANTILE VALUE OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE MANUFACTURE OF GLASS.

Experience has proved that a great extension of production is always followed by a great improvement in the articles produced. This is singularly illustrated

in the cotton trade: it was the great increase in the manufacture of calicoes that led to the manufacture of muslins; and the looms of Paisley would never have approximated in beauty of production to those of Cashmere had coarse shawls led the way to a development of the inventive powers. Decorative invention ascends, and its progress is best secured by having production in large quantities obtained as a basis of operations. So soon as new applications of glass lead to the production of vast quantities of glass, new moulds, forms, and processes will begin to suggest themselves.

Glass is very certain to be used extensively in the spinning and weaving factories instead of brass and polished metal; indeed it is already applied to loom-mountings by some of the most eminent shawl manufacturers of Paisley. When we remember that crystal can easily be moulded into any form that manufacturers can desire, and that at the moment of its formation it possesses all the hardness and smoothness of polished and tempered steel, we must at once see its applicability to many purposes for which cast metal and brass are now employed. But this is not the only advantage of glass: not only is its formation easy and complete, but it is not liable to be injured or tarnished by damp, and it is far less susceptible of alteration from heat or cold, both in its substance and its temperature, than wood or than any of the metals. It is for this reason that glass handles to tea-kettles have become very common, and that efforts are being made to introduce its use still more extensively into domestic and culinary arrangements. Trays and dish covers of ground glass have been proposed, but we fear that the brittleness of the material will here be found a very serious objection. We differ also from many who believe that weaving with spun glass, in which many successful experiments have been tried, will lead to any great or decisive results; but there are many other applications of glass thread which promise to produce new and beautiful combinations of delicate colouring and shading, if the mechanical difficulties attending the manipulation of such delicate and fragile threads can ever be overcome.

Though we do not quite agree with those enthusiastic speculators who look forward to the erection of glass equestrian statues in our square and parks, we expect that glass will contest the palm with bisque, as the material for copies of busts and statuettes. The shrinking of bisque during the process of burning renders it liable to imperfections, as it is not easy to ensure that all the parts shall shrink equally without any variation of their proportions. We are persuaded that the multiplication of copies of works of Art will prove the greatest incentive to genius in originating new forms of Art. The casts from antique statues presented by George IV. to the city of Cork have trained several sculptors whose works belong to the highest range of Art. Mr. Cheverton's process of copying statuary, which is not yet extensively known and as highly appreciated as it deserves to be, will enable manufacturers to obtain perfect models, reduced to any size which they may deem most convenient and best suited to their purpose; from these they may take moulds so as indefinitely to multiply every work of sculptorial art; and the specimens already produced of busts in glass lead us to hope that the capabilities offered by this branch of Art will not be neglected.

The imperfectly vitrified substance called *spelt*, and which may be regarded as the middle term between glass and porcelain, appears likely to be found a very desirable addition to decorative materials; we think it not unlikely, for instance, to lead to a revival of the working in mosaics. When the British Association met in Birmingham, a table was exhibited which had been manufactured at the glass-works near Gateshead for the late Earl of Durham; the top was a slab of vitrified substance surpassing the richest jasper or porphyry in its colouring, and some smaller specimens were displayed in which the veining of the cat's eye, the cornelian, and similar pebbles was most successfully imitated. Glass has long been employed to imitate the lustrous and pellucid precious stones, but we have seen as yet very few specimens of its imitation of opaque stones. The specimens, however, which we have seen were so beautiful and so perfect, that we hope to find this branch of the glass-making art rising rapidly both in use and estimation. Mosaics for pavement of vitrified substance have been made by Mr. Dicksee, and exhibited at Lord Northampton's *soirées* and at the Society of Arts. We believe that these can be brought to a very high degree of perfection; artificial stones may be made to assume as rich colours as the porphyry, the jasper or the agate; they offer less difficulty in manipulation, and they are imperishable. In the very best of the old mosaics the difficulties of shading were very imperfectly overcome, but we believe it possible to supply modern mosaic workers with as numerous varieties of shades in glass, or rather in semi-vitrifications, as are exhibited in silks and Berlin wools. In the smaller articles of bijouterie glass threads may be used to give the most minute points of tint, and the welding of them together would ensure their perfect junction far more completely than the most powerful cement. No one who has visited Venice can have reflected without emotion on the decline of the mosaic Art, when he witnesses in the Ocean City the gorgeous effects which it is capable of producing. But in Art, as in every other exercise of intellectual developments, we may be permitted to indulge a hope that opportunities will call out operatives, and that a supply of materials will rouse into activity the plastic powers. It is gratifying to find that new applications of glass have been propounded simultaneously with the abolition of the duty on the material; little advance, indeed, has been made in the new paths that have been opened, but it requires little exertions of imagination to discover most gorgeous results in the distant perspective.

Under all the disadvantages to which the glass manufacture was subjected in England, the progress made in varying and perfecting vitrified colour has been truly wonderful. There may be some shades in which it will be long before she come up to her continental rivals, but we have recently seen ruby glass of English manufacture fully equal to the best Bohemian specimens; at the same time we agree with Brougniart that the chemistry of vitrified colour is a field which experiment is far from having exhausted. Artistically considered the effects of colour glass may be regarded as yet uninvestigated. A design for a chandelier in coloured glass has been prepared at the School of Design in Somerset House. This design is being put into execution by Mr. Apsley Pellatt, and the result will soon be exhibited to the public. We have had an opportunity of seeing it while incomplete, and the effect by daylight was gorgeous in the extreme. But it is impossible to predict beforehand the effect of such a chandelier when lighted up, or to anticipate how the prismatic hues from the crystal drops will affect the light reflected from the more opaque ornaments of coloured glass.

The optical effects of refracted and reflected light in reference to ornamentation open a wide field to artistic and scientific investigation. The attention of several able men has been directed to the subject, but we could wish that in the investigations decorative Art and optical Science should be effectively combined. We may take this opportunity of referring to the possibility of

forming a body similar to the British Association, designed for the advancement of ornamental Art, as that body is for the advancement of general science, and divided into sections for each large branch of industrial Art with which decorative can be effectively combined. The manufacturers of glass could learn from the manufacturers of porcelain, and could communicate information in their turn. The British Association has done much to impress the nation with the mercantile value of science; such an association as we have ventured to suggest would soon do infinitely more to show the mercantile value of the Fine Arts. Such an exposition as that of Paris seems more likely to be soon attempted in England,—indeed it would require some dozen of streets to contain the specimens which would adequately represent all the branches of British industry; but why should we not have sectional expositions? Why might not the manufacturers of glass and porcelain have an exhibition one year, the workers in metal a similar exhibition in another year, and the producers of textiles fabric in another year? To elevate and purify public taste, opportunities of comparative estimate of the merits of design and the effect of novelties, either of conception or execution, should be most liberally and most extensively afforded. This is a matter of some importance to the dealers in glass, who are sadly at a loss for opportunities of exhibiting their production; people of moderate means are deterred from visiting their show-rooms, because they believe, that they will be expected to buy something in return for the trouble they must necessarily give; but, if they had opportunities of seeing beautiful objects without being pressed to buy, they would often be tempted to buy. We heard several persons of moderate means at the French Exposition forming plans of economy and saving to obtain the means of purchasing articles similar to those which were exhibited. Appreciation is a great incentive to production; the hopes of having their merits recognised would stimulate designers to invention whose powers are now confined, because they are bound to work according to order.

Our strongest hopes, however, for the improvement of quality arise from the increased demand for quantity. The purposes to which glass may be made subservient are innumerable.

THE ARTS IN THEIR APPLICATION TO MANUFACTURED ARTICLES.

PORCELAIN SLABS FOR FIRE-PLACES.

Domestic decorations must ever be an object of importance to all who take an interest in the advancement of Art, because taste is insensibly moulded and formed by the effect of familiar objects in daily use. We should hope for little artistic judgment from persons whose lives were spent in rooms where the principles of correct taste were violated in every article of furniture. In domestic economy, utility must always hold a higher place of estimation than mere beauty; but there is an advance when the Decorative Arts is made applicable to objects and purposes that were previously regarded as merely useful, and were on that account tolerated in spite of their unsightliness and deformity. Stove-grates and fire-places have long been objects which the genial influence of a comfortable fire could alone render tolerable; the beauty of the marble chimney-piece could not atone for the heavy mass of metal it enclosed: the effect was that of a magnificent frame surrounding a detestable picture; and the mass was almost equally bad, whether it assumed the form of polished steel or shone in all the honours of black lead. The Dutch tiles in which our ancestors rejoiced, and which may still be seen in a few old houses, were better than the new walls which now guard and disfigure our hearths; coarse as they were, and wretched as were the figures with which they were adorned, they were still suggestive, and the family circle, assembled round the social hearth, could often derive amusement and instruction from their contemplation. The great objection to these tiles, independent of the coarseness of their execution, was the small size, which gave to their use the effect of a pavement set up perpendicularly. The experiment long remained untried of producing slabs of earthenware; and, still more, slabs of porcelain, that would resist the action of fire as perfectly as any metal, and would at the same time be susceptible of decoration derived from the highest works of Art. It is only within the last few years that slabs of porcelain have been produced of sufficient size to render them applicable to the interior decorations of the fire-place, and the rich effect which they produce is well illustrated in the accompanying engravings. The flowers in the several designs are all painted in their natural colours; and these colours having been vitrified in the process of manufacture, are, of course, indestructible.

We have often noticed the almost instinctive anxiety of persons to associate flowers with the means of warmth. Even the poorest persons love to have posies displayed on the mantel-piece, and wreaths of flowers are among the most common decorations of our metal stoves. The manufacturers of porcelain slabs have followed this apparently natural taste, and bestowed a large share of their attention on floral decoration; indeed, some of those panels are among the most beautiful specimens of flower-painting we have seen for many a long day.

We have seen several slabs with Saracenic decorations and their effect is particularly gorgeous and magnificent. Porcelain panels are susceptible of ornament in high relief as well as pictorial decoration, and we have seen both combined with the happiest effect at the Exposition in Paris and at several show rooms in London. We have dwelt chiefly on the application of these panels to fire-places, because this is likely to be one of the most popular forms in which they can be used, not merely on account of their convenience, a wet sponge being sufficient to clean them in a minute, and their radiation of heat greatly contributing to the warmth of an apartment. The latter quality was the chief recommendation of the Dutch tiles to our ancestors, and we have heard old people lament their disappearance, declaring that when they were used, fires gave out double their present heat. But these porcelain slabs are applicable to many other purposes: they are beautiful toys for toilet-tables, being much lighter than marble, susceptible of much greater decoration, not more fragile, and quite as easily kept clean. They might be introduced into the decoration of conservatories with the most excellent effect; and we have seen panelled surfaces, which to the merits of cheapness and cleanliness superadded a very pleasing picturesque effect.

We believe that the manufacture of porcelain is on the eve of a revolution greater in extent and more important in results than it underwent in the days of Wedgwood. We shall, no doubt, be called upon, ere long, to notice other "uses" for this material; at present, however, we confine ourselves to it as

* It will be at once obvious that these porcelain slabs for fire-places are calculated to give large employment to the artist, from the nature of the material, and the importance it must always occupy as part of the furniture of a room,—a part never intended to be removed from the place in which it is first fixed,—the design and execution of the article are of high importance.

plication to FIRE-PLACES; the advantages of their use will be at once obvious to those who give the subject consideration. The panels are absolute refreshments to the eye; they have a peculiarly cheerful aspect—contrasting strongly with the heavy and sombre character of the black-leaded or polished steel sides in ordinary fire-places. Moreover, we repeat, they are easily kept clean; and the increase of heat procured by their introduction is inconceivably great. In short, in winter they add largely to the comfort and elegance of an apartment; and in summer they render unnecessary the usual mode—of hiding a fire-place—by classing it among the most agreeable attractions of the room.

THE PORTLAND VASE.

In consequence of the excitement produced by the injury recently inflicted upon this beautiful relic of antiquity, it may be acceptable to our readers to have the following account of it.

For upwards of two centuries "the vase" was the principal ornament of the Barberini Palace. It was purchased by Sir William Hamilton; and of him by the Duchess of Portland, for 1000 guineas. It has since been generally known as the Portland Vase. It was deposited in the British Museum, in 1810, by the Duke of Portland, whose property it still is. It was found about the middle of the 16th century, two miles and a half from Rome, in the road leading from Frascati. At the time of its discovery the vase was enclosed in a marble sarcophagus, within a sepulchral chamber, under the mount called Monte de Grano. The material of which the vase is formed is glass. The figures, which are executed in relief, are of a beautiful opaque white, and the ground is in perfect harmony with the figures, and of a dark transparent blue. The subject of these figures is extremely obscure, and has not hitherto received a satisfactory elucidation; but the design and the sculpture are both truly admirable.

In one compartment three exquisite figures are placed on a ruined column, the capital of which is fallen, and lies at their feet, among other disjointed stones: they sit under a tree on loose piles of stone. The middle figure is a female in a reclining and dying attitude, with an inverted torch in her left hand, the elbow of which supports her as she sinks, while the right hand is raised and thrown over her drooping head. The figure on the right hand is a man, and that on the left a woman, both supporting themselves on their arms, and apparently thinking intensely. Their backs are to the dying figure, and their faces are turned to her, but without an attempt to assist her. In another compartment of the vase is a figure coming through a portal, and going down with great timidity into a darker region, where he is received by a beautiful female, who stretches forth her hand to help him: between her knees is a large and playful serpent. She sits with her feet towards an aged figure, having one foot sunk into the earth, and the other raised on a column, with his chin resting on his hand. Above the female figure is a cupid preceding the first figure, and beckoning him to advance. This first figure holds a cloak or garment, which he seems anxious to bring with him, but which adheres to the side of the portal through which he has passed. In this compartment there are two trees, one of which bends over the female figure, and the other over the aged one. On the bottom of the vase there is another figure on a larger scale than the one we have already mentioned, but not so well finished nor so elevated. This figure points with its finger to its mouth. The dress appears to be curious and cumbersome, and above there is the foliage of a tree. On the head of the figure there is a Phrygian cap: is not easy to say whether this figure is male or female. On the handles of the vase are represented two aged heads, with the ears of a quadruped, and from the middle of the forehead rises a kind of tree without leaves: these figures are in all probability ornaments, and have no connexion with the story.

THE NEW GLASS MOSAICS.

Mr. Dicksee has exhibited specimens at the soirées of most of the scientific institutions of the metropolis of his patent Mosaics, which have likewise been approved by the Royal Commission on Fine Arts; and as Mosaic decorations are becoming so popular, in consequence of the attention bestowed upon the subject by the Royal Commission on Fine Arts, some notice of this new and beautiful description of Mosaic is interesting.

The material employed is glass, and the method of producing the tesserae is by a process of moulding by pressure. For this purpose a small machine is used, from which the tesserae are produced of all shapes and sizes, perfectly formed, at a rapid rate and trifling cost.

The superiority of glass to pottery, and all substances used for Mosaic purposes, has been universally admitted; but the immense cost of its manufacture into the required forms by the old methods has prevented its universal adoption.

Glass, as a material, is cheap; and the patentee is of opinion that when the duty is removed, he will be able to compete with pottery in price.

Glass excels all other materials employed for mosaic purposes, inasmuch as it can be obtained of any colour, or tone of colour, to suit the light in which it is to be used. It is imperishable, and will never corrode. It may be used with the fire polish natural to it, or the surface may be dulled or polished. Should the surface get scratched, the dirt will easily wash out;—such is not the case with porcelain or marble.

It combines all the effects that can be produced in all other mosaic materials; and the most costly marbles, pebbles, &c., are imitated with precision, and at no more cost than the plain colours. These imitations, when formed into slabs for table-tops, &c., have a most beautiful effect. Another description, which is applicable to mural decorations, is that with figures pressed upon the surface, the figures may be of different colour to the ground, and the surface may be coated with transparent glass, to make it even, and preserve the figures from dust.

Almsic.

COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT TO MADAME OTTO.—This magnificent affair came off on Tuesday evening last, and was attended by an audience of about 1700 persons. The performances were of a high character and were well executed for the most part. Weber's grand "Jubilee Overture" was effectively given at the opening and was warmly applauded. The fair beneficiare was in excellent voice, and was welcomed with great enthusiasm. She sang a cavatina from "Betty" and the old favourite ballad "Fatherland" in excellent style, and wreaths and bouquets were showered upon her. At the conclusion of her duties she returned thanks to the audience in a brief and graceful manner. The "Fatherland" and the Duet of "Montre Francesco" between Signor De

Begnis and Sanquirico were the only encores of the evening; but in truth we are hardly surprised that such should be the case, for the Tabernacle is the worst place for vocal effect, of any that we know of in the city. Miss Taylor sang two songs, with the greater effect from the subdued and chastened style which she adopted; we trust that she will adhere to it. Among the instrumental music we must note the performance of Sig. Rapetti on the Violin, which left nothing to be wished for, except that in the andante he sacrificed sweetness to dexterity. We always think that the slow movement in a violin performance is the test of the professor. Messrs. Kyle and Groenveldt played their conversational duet on Flute and Clarinet most admirably, and the assistance of Mr. Timm therein was like all that Mr. Timm does—masterly. A great curiosity, and highly pleasing, was the "Overture to the Historical oratorio (?) called "the Pilgrims to the New World" by Heinrich, the veteran musician himself conducting the performance. It brought into play every instrument used in concert business from the Organ to the Piccolo, and the composition displayed great musical science though of an old school. The harmonies were full but not of the complicated style of the present day. The piece was very effectively played and the venerable composer, was highly excited; we think too that he was much gratified, for the applause was tumultuous, and great numbers pressed to shake hands with him when it was concluded.

This concert was a handsome and substantial testimonial to the deserts of one, ever foremost in the cause of humanity and benevolence.

NEW MUSIC.

One Hundred Songs—Original and Selected, by E. Ives, Jun.—New York: H. G. Daggers, 30 Ann Street.—Mr. Ives is a musical professor of acknowledged taste and judgment. Many of the Songs in this collection are of his own composition and possess great merit, and the arrangements of all are his. The number of songs in the part before us is thirty-eight, at the low price of \$1.75, and we presume the publication will be completed in two parts more.

"Oh Summer Night!"—New York: W. E. Millet, 329 Broadway.—This is a Serenade in Donizetti's opera of "Don Pasquale," and is arranged for the Guitar.

"Where do Fairies hide their heads?"—Millet, Broadway.—The music of this pretty air is by Wetmore, and it has been arranged for the Guitar by C. W. Derwort.

"Will thou forget me?"—Millet, Broadway.—A Ballad composed by Geo. Barker; it is exceedingly simple, and not wanting in sweetness, but the effect is rather monotonous, being all in a very limited compass.

Hungarian Polka—Millet, Broadway.—Composed by Jullien, and is the same that is played generally in the theatres here, when that dance is performed.

NEW PRESENTATION PLATE.

We have the satisfaction to announce to our subscribers and the public that we have made arrangements with an eminent artist for the execution of a splendid engraving of a large size, the subject of which is "The Army and the Navy," and representing an interview, between those highly distinguished men, one of whom afterwards became the hero of Trafalgar, and the other that of Waterloo. It is well certified that both are excellent likenesses; that of Nelson does not display much difference in point of years from his appearance at the time he was snatched from his earthly triumphs, but that of THE DUKE—though he was neither duke nor lord then—will be found highly interesting as representing Wellesley in his prime. All the essential features which still distinguish the countenance of the British Hero are recognisable in the comparatively young soldier, and the *tout ensemble* of the picture it is believed will be in request by admirers among all nations. The plate is now in hand, and the artist is proceeding in it with all prudent dispatch. The size of it, however, and the great quantity of accessory matter which furnishes out the picture, will necessarily make the completion a work of time; but there shall be no unnecessary delay, and we shall feel proud in presenting it to our Subscribers as an offering worthy of their acceptance, and of our gratitude for liberal patronage and encouragement.

* * Editors with whom we exchange will oblige us by noticing this in their Journals.

THE ORIGIN OF FLINTS.—The presence of silicious spicula thus diffused abundantly through the entire substance of sponges possessing a skeleton of this description, unimportant as the circumstance may seem at first sight, enables the geologist to give an unexpected, but very satisfactory, explanation of the origin of those detached and isolated masses of flint, which in various chalk formations are so abundantly met with, arranged in regular layers through strata of considerable thickness. The mere assertion, that flints were sponges, would no doubt startle the reader who was unacquainted with the history of those fossil relics of a former ocean; but we apprehend, that a little reflection will satisfy the most sceptical of the truth of this announcement. Imbedded in the substance of the chalk, which, during long periods, by its accumulation had continued to overwhelm successive generations of marine animals, the sponges have remained for centuries exposed to the water that continually percolates such strata—water which contains silicious matter in solution. From a well-known law of chemistry, it is easy to explain why particles of similar matter should become aggregated, and thus to understand how, in the lapse of ages, the silicious spicula that originally constituted the framework of a sponge have formed nuclei, around which kindred atoms have constantly accumulated, until the entire mass has been at last converted into solid flint. We are, moreover, by no means left to mere conjecture or hypothesis upon this interesting point: nothing is more common in chalky districts than to find flints, which, on being broken, still contain portions of the original sponge in an almost unaltered condition, and thus afford irrefragable proof of the original condition of the entire mass.

Professor Rymer Jones.

We learn from an article in "The Builder" that "Experiments have for years been in progress, chiefly under the superintendence of Herr Dase, inspector of mines in Richmond, in the duchy of Brunswick, with a view to make cast iron, as the cheaper and more durable material, applicable to the preparation of stereotype plates. The success of these experiments is attested by the publication of a cast-iron stereotype edition of the Bible, published at Nordhausen, the price of which, with marginal readings, is 9 ggr. (13d)"

PARK THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, May 5—"The Bohemian Girl,"—Principal Characters by Mrs. SEGUIN, Mr. FRAZER, Mr. SEGUIN, Mr. AN REWS, Mr. Pearson, and Mrs. Knight, Mons. Martin, Miss J. Turnbull and Miss St. Clair.
TUESDAY—Mr. SEGUIN'S Benefit.

The expressions, rich blood, and pure blood, have a scientific basis. The ridicule which may have attempted to cast on these common sense opinions, must recoil upon themselves as rarely as that Truth will prevail.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

The effect of this celebrated medicine is to purify the blood; to convert the poor, corrupt blood, into healthy, rich blood. And it is because they do this that they have been so steadily sought after by all classes of citizens who have required medicine. And it is because of the power BRANDRETH'S PILLS are now known to possess as health-restorers, that renders them so popular.

They cure all affections, simply because they make the blood pure—abstract out of it those qualities which produce disease, and give to it those qualities which produce health.

Now every solid part of the human frame is made from the blood, and the food we eat is converted into blood to supply the waste our bodies are continually sustaining. So in the ordinary course of nature we manufacture our own bodies in about nine years from the food taken into our own stomachs. Suppose the blood made in this stomach of ours is unsound, impure, occasioned by some cause or other; it may refer to the preceding generation; no matter, we make impure blood, and if so cannot be healthy. Or suppose the air we have lived in for some time has been loaded with matters detrimental to health, or our food for a long period has been of an unwholesome kind, or that the mind has been much troubled—for grief, anxiety, or great attention to any particular point is sure to occasion bad effects on the blood. Any of these causes existing, good blood cannot be supplied to the body.

But let BRANDRETH'S PILLS be used daily under these circumstances, in doses of from two to six pills, or as the case shall determine. What is their effect? It is to carry off the impure matters from the blood, leaving only the good to renew every part of the body. What was unsound now becomes sound, and the stomach soon gets into so healthy a condition that even bad air or unwholesome food for a time are unable to injure the health materially. Even when the climate or food continue unhealthy, the occasional use of the BRANDRETH PILLS will separate the impure parts and cause their expulsion, leaving what is good to supply life and strength to the body.

When the bones are diseased, when every ramification of the frame is out of order, the BRANDRETH PILLS will, in nineteen cases out of twenty, cure. Remember that the body can be entirely remade from the food, bones and all; and aided by this most beneficent medicine in a quarter of the time it takes in the ordinary course of nature. In from two to four years an entirely new healthy body can be exchanged for the unsound, the diseased, the miserable one. The slowness or quickness of the change at together depending upon the effect the BRANDRETH PILLS are made to produce; which effect can be graduated just as the patient pleases. No possible injury can result from this; nothing but good can follow. Enquire the effect of BRANDRETH'S PILLS among your unprejudiced friends; you will hear sufficient to satisfy you that there is no risk in making the trial, and that you will not be doing yourself justice without it.

When your blood is once pure nothing in the shape of food will hardly come amiss; nothing will sour upon your stomach; you may eat pies, or any thing in season; and the greater variety of food the better blood is made. All who have weak stomachs, who are dyspeptic, or in any way afflicted in body, should without delay resort to BRANDRETH'S PILLS—which will indeed strengthen the life principle, and by perseverance with them, entirely renew the whole body; the materials now in it good, will be kept so; those bad, displaced and removed. Good blood cannot make bad bone or bad flesh. And bear in mind, the BRANDRETH PILLS surely purify the blood.

The method of preparing the Brandrethian Vegetable Extracts is secured by Letters Patent of the United States. Patent granted to Benjamin Brandreth, 20th January, 1843.

The Extracts of which BRANDRETH'S PILLS are composed are obtained by this new patent process, without boiling or any application of heat. The active principle of the herbs is thus secured, the same as in the living vegetable. The public should be cautious of medicines recommended in Advertisements stolen from me.

A sure test of genuine BRANDRETH PILLS. Examine the box of Pills, then look at the certificate of agency, whose engraved date must be within the year, which every authorised agent must possess; if the three labels on the box agree with the three labels on the certificate, the pills are true—if not, they are false.

Sold at Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 241 Broadway, N. Y., with English, French, German, Spanish, and Portuguese directions, and by one Agent in every place of importance throughout the world, each Agent having a certificate of agency from Dr. Brandreth, and having fac-similes of labels on the Brandreth Pill boxes engraved thereon.

A CARD.—BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.—Miss Keogh would respectfully announce her intention to remove on the first of May, to 73 Third Avenue, where she will be ready to receive pupils on Monday, May the fourth. Competent Masters are engaged to instruct in the various Branches essential to a thorough Education, and no exertions shall be wanted on the part of Miss Keogh to entitle her to a continuance of that confidence, with which, the citizens of New York have so long honoured her. (M. 26-27.)

GENTLEMEN'S LEFT OFF WARDROBE.—The HIGHEST PRICES can be obtained by Gentlemen or Families who are desirous of converting their left off wardrobe into cash. J. LEVINSTYN, 466 Broadway, up stairs. A line through the Post Office, or otherwise, will receive prompt attention. (a26-1m)

MR. W. R. BRISTOW, Professor of Music, &c., would be very happy to receive a few pupils on the Organ or Piano Forte. For terms &c., apply at 95 Eldridge-street. Lessons in Harmony, Composition, &c. (Nov. 22-6m)

EDUCATION.

REV. R. T. HUDDART'S CLASSICAL BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL, Fourteenth Street, between University Place and Fifth Avenue.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT is now prepared for the reception of PUPILS. No expense has been spared to render it a complete, well arranged school for Boys. It has been built expressly for the purpose intended, under the direction of one of the first architects in the city, and Mr. Huddart has great satisfaction in presenting to his friends and the Public, an Institution, in which every requisite for the accommodation, convenience and comfort of his pupils is combined, and such as the experience of many years has suggested. The situation is, perhaps, the most eligible which could have been selected for the purpose as regards health and facility of access. All the advantages of the best instructors and Professors are available, whilst the benefits of country residence are attained by the out-door athletic exercises which can be enjoyed in the spacious playground.

Further information as to terms, course of study, and other particulars interesting to parents, may be obtained on application to Mr. Huddart, at his residence in 14th street. N.B.—The number of DAY SCHOLARS and DAY BOARDERS being limited, vacancies will be filled as they occur. There are at present twelve vacancies in the Day School, and several in the Boarding School, both apartments being entirely distinct from each other. A12-3m.

FIRST PREMIUM DAGUERRIAN MINIATURE GALLERY,

Corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, New York.

At this Gallery Miniatures are taken which, for beauty of colour, tone, and effect, can at all times recommend themselves; and which are at least equal to any that have been heretofore executed. M. B. BRADY respectfully invites the attention of the citizens of New York, and of strangers visiting the City, to the very fine specimens of DAGUERRETYPE LIKENESSES on exhibition at his Establishment; believing that they will meet the approbation of the intelligent Public. Mr. Brady has recently made considerable improvement in his mode of taking Miniatures, particularly with regard to their durability and colouring, which he thinks cannot be surpassed, and which in all cases are warranted to give satisfaction. The colouring department is in the hands of a competent and practical person, and in which Mr. B. begs to claim superiority.

The American Institute awarded a First Premium, at the late Fair, to Mr. M. B. BRADY for the most EFFECTIVE Miniatures exhibited.

* * Instructions carefully given in the Art.—Plates, Cases, Apparatus, &c., supplied. M. B. BRADY. [A19.]

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. Gilloft. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
" Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
" " Harlem River.
View of the Jet at " "
Fountain in the Park, New York.
" in Union Park, "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by June 8. HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

G. B. CLARKE,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR.

No. 132 William Street, 3 doors West of Fulton.

G. B. CLARKE returns thanks for the extensive patronage bestowed on his establishment during the last twelve months, and at the same time would inform the readers of "The Anglo American," that his charges for the first quality of Garments is much below that of other Fashionable Houses located in heavier rented thoroughfares. The style of the work will be similar to that of Bondage, Tryon & Co., with whose establishment G. B. C. was for a long period connected.

GENERAL SCALE OF PRICES.

Fine Cloth Dress Coats from.....	\$16.00 to \$20.00
" Black Cass Pants (Doeskin).....	6.00 to 8.50
" Satin Vests of the very best quality.....	3.50 to 4.50
PRICES FOR MAKING AND TRIMMING.	
Dress Coats.....	\$7.00 to \$9.00
Pants and Vests.....	1.50 to 2.00

John Clarke, formerly of 29 New Bond Street, London.

For A Specimen Coat always to be seen.

G. B. CLARKE, 132 William Street.

DAGUERREOTYPES

PLUMBE DAGUERRIAN GALLERY & PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPOT, 231 Broadway, corner of Murray-street, (over Tenney's Jewelry Store), awarded the Medal four Premiums, and two "highest honors," at the Exhibitions at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia respectively, for the best Pictures and Apparatus ever exhibited. Price of these superb Photographs reduced to that of ordinary ones at other places, so that no one need now sit for an ordinary likeness on the score of economy.—Taken in any weather.

Plumbe's Premium and German Cameras, Instructions, Plates, Cases, &c., &c., forwarded to any desired point, at lower rates than by any other manufactory.

WANTED—Two or three skilful operators. Apply as above. M79.

WILSON'S HOTEL & DINING ROOMS.

No. 5 Gold Street, (near Maiden Lane), New York.

HENRY WILSON (late of Brooklyn) begs to inform his friends, and the Public generally, that he has opened the above Establishment, and he respectfully solicits the patronage of all who are fond of good and substantial living, and comfortable accommodations.

The house has been thoroughly repaired and newly furnished in every department, and the very best of every description of Liquors, Wines, Cigars, Domestic and Imported Ales and Ports, will be provided.

An ordinary will be served up every day from 1 to 3 o'clock P.M.; and refreshments will be furnished at any hour during the day and evening.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

Read the following testimonials in favor of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, which have been selected from hundreds of similar ones on account of their recent dates:—
Extract of a Letter from Mr. Sinclair Tousey, Postmaster of Joslin's Corners, Madison County, N. Y.

November 4th, 1844.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—I am requested to state to you, that Mr. J. W. Sturdevant, of Amsterdam, expresses his great satisfaction at the efficacy of Parr's Life Pills. Also, Mr. J. Fairchild, of azenovia in which opinion Mr. A. Bellamy, of Chittenango, also fully accords. Indeed, these Pills have superseded all others in New York state—they are not a brisk Pill, but "slow and sure," and I have never yet met with an instance where an invalid has persevered in taking them, that has not been cured of the most obstinate and long-standing dyspeptic diseases.

(Signed)

S. TOUSEY.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gents.—Having used Parr's Life Pills on several occasions when attacked by violent bilious complaints, and having been fully satisfied of their efficacy, I beg leave in justice to you, as proprietors of the medicine, to testify as much. Yours respectfully, WM. H. HACKETT.

Long Island, Nov. 9, 1844.

New York, Nov. 2, 1844.

Sir—As I have received so much benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I feel it a duty I owe to this community, to make the facts in my case public. I was afflicted for 15 years with dyspepsia and erysipelas. It did remedy after remedy, but none appeared to afford me any relief. At last I was induced by a friend to try a box of Parr's Life Pills, which I did, and before I had taken two boxes I found great relief. I have since taken three boxes more, and now thank God, I find myself perfectly cured of the erysipelas, and greatly relieved of the dyspepsia.—Judging from my own case, I sincerely believe Parr's Life Pills is the best medicine for the above complaints, and likewise as a family medicine, yet offered to the public.—I remain, Yours respectfully, ELIZABETH BARNES, No. 19 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

From our Agent in Philadelphia.

ASTONISHING CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

Messrs. T. Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—Having received the greatest benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I can give you my testimony in their favour without the least hesitation. For the last five years I have been afflicted with the Liver Complaint, and the pains in my side were great, attended with considerable cough, a stopping and smothering in the throat; for three weeks before I used the Pills I was completely reduced, and had become so weak as to be almost unable to walk; and I could not sleep more than two hours of a night, so completely was my system under the influence of my complaint. I have spent over two hundred dollars for medical attendance, and all the different kinds of medicines celebrated for the cure of the Liver Complaint, without having received any permanent relief, and I can say now that since I have been using Parr's Life Pills, I have been in better health than I have experienced for the last five years. I am also stronger, I sleep as good as ever I did, and can walk any distance.

Any person who doubts these statements as incorrect, by inquiring of me shall receive more particular information. JOSEPH BARBOUR.

Poplar Lane, above Seventh Street, Spring Garden, Philadelphia.

Sold by the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., 9 Crane Court, London, and 117 Fulton Street, New York and by all respectable Druggists in the United States. (M. 13-4f.)

ALBION LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

LONDON AND NEW YORK.

CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING, or \$5,000,000.

General Agents for the United States of America,

JOSEPH FOWLER and R. S. BUCHANAN,

No. 57 Wall Street, New York.

PHYSICIAN,

John W. Francis, Esq., M.D., No. 1 Bond Street.

SURGEON,

J. C. Boales, Esq., M.D., 543 Broadway.

BANKERS,

The Bank of Commerce.

SOLICITOR,

Charles Edwards, Esq., 31 Wall Street.

The undersigned are now authorized to receive proposals for insurances on single and joint lives, for survivorship annuities, &c. &c. at the same rates they are taken in London—which they are ready to effect at once, without primary reference to the Court of Directors.

The superior advantages offered by this Company consist in Perfect security, arising from a large paid up Capital, totally independent of the premium fund,—in the Triennial distribution of eighty per cent. or four-fifths of the Profits, returned to the Policy holders,—which, at their option, will be paid

In Cash, or applied in augmentation of the sum insured, or in reduction of the annual premium.

Example of Rates for the Insurance of \$100 on a Single Life.

Age next birth day.	For ONE Year.	For SEVEN Years.	For whole Life without profits.	For whole Life with profits.
20	92	96	1 70	1 92
25	93	1 03	2 17	2 48
30	1 06	1 13	2 19	2 48
35	1 18	1 25	2 55	2 58
40	1 21	1 44	3 00	3 39
45	1 55	1 80	3 61	4 08
50	2 01	2 41	4 41	4 99

The Albion Life Insurance Company was established in the year 1805, and it consists of a highly respectable body of Proprietors, who, independently of the large paid-up Capital and accumulated profits of the Company, are individually liable, to the extent of their respective shares, for all the Company's engagements. The period of its existence, forty years, the respectability of its proprietors, and the amount of its capital, constitute an unexceptionable security that the engagements of the Company will be strictly fulfilled; and when it is considered that the fulfillment of the engagements of a Life Office is seldom called for until twenty, thirty or forty years after those engagements have been contracted, it will be felt that not only the present but the future liability of the Company is of paramount importance to the policy holder.

American Policy holders are entitled to participate in the English Profits, and in every respect are put upon the same footing as the oldest Policy holder, participating in the first division of profits.

The requisite forms for effecting Insurances, and all information relative thereto, may be obtained of the Company's fully-empowered Agents.

JOSEPH FOWLER, } Agents, 57 Wall-street.
R. S. BUCHANAN, }

Mr. 1-1f.]

PHRENOLOGY.

FOWLER'S Free PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET OF THE BUSTS AND SKULLS of distinguished men, criminals, and rare animals.—No. 131 Nassau Street,—where may also be had FOWLER'S PHRENOLOGY; the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, a Monthly work of 32 pages, having an extended circulation, and becoming highly popular; PHRENOLOGY applied to Education and Self-Improvement, and Matrimony, Memory, Hereditary Descent, &c. &c. PHRENOLOGICAL BUSTS for Learners, &c.

PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS with Professional advice and directions for Self-Improvement, the Preservation and Restoration of Health, the Management of Children, &c. Probably no other way can money be better spent than in obtaining that knowledge of one's self, and of human nature given by this science of man. Mr. 1-4m.

COUNTRY ADVERTISING!

Advertisements for the New York and Country Newspapers are received at the office of

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UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND THE WEST INDIES.

This Agency, which has been some time established and is now in successful operation, will be found useful to those who wish to Advertise, in any of the Country Newspapers, as by this medium considerable labor, expense and delay is saved to the Advertiser, for in whatever number of papers an advertisement may be ordered to appear, only one copy of it is required, while the charge is the same as made by the respective publishers.

A File of all the principal Papers published in the United States and Canada is kept at the Office, with a List of Terms, the Population of the Towns, and the Counties through which the several papers circulate. n 30-1f.

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AND OTHERS MAKING REMITTANCES TO ENGLAND,
SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

DRAFTS FOR ANY AMOUNT on all the Branches of
THE PROVINCIAL BANK, IRELAND, and
THE NATIONAL BANK, SCOTLAND,
RICH'D BELL &
WM. McLACHLAN.

6 and 7 Durr's Buildings, Hanover-St.

Also, BILLS on the BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, LONDON, and its Branches in Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland. Jr. 8-6m.

THE REGULAR LINE FOR BOSTON, CARRYING THE GREAT
UNITED STATES MAIL.

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER—TRI-WEEKLY.

THE Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vandorbilt, will leave Pier No. 1, North River, foot of Battery Place, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 4 o'clock, P.M.

Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage immediately on their arrival at Allen's Point.

For further information enquire of D. B. ALLEN, 34 Broadway, (up stairs). Or of D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent for this line, at the office on the wharf.

N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting any one on account of the above boats or owners May 11-1f.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y.,
and to BERING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF LONDON.

26 CORNHILL.

Empowered by Act of Parliament.

CAPITAL £500,000 STERLING.

General Agent for the United States of America,

J. LEANDER STARR, No. 62 Wall Street, New York.

Physicians to the Society, (Medical Examiners)

J. KEARNY RODGERS, M.D., 110 Bleeker Street.

ALEXANDER E. HOSACK, M.D., 101 Franklin Street.

BANKERS,

The MERCHANTS' BANK OF NEW YORK.

SOLICITOR,

WILLIAM VAN HOOK, Esq., 20 Wall-street.

The rates of this Society are as low as those of the American Companies, and lower than the scale adopted by many London offices. Loans granted to the extent of two-thirds the amount of premium paid—after the lapse of a year.

Persons insured in the United States on the scale of "participation," enjoy the important advantage of sharing in the whole business of the Society, which in Great Britain is very extensive.

The public are respectfully requested to examine the distinguishing principles of this institution—their tables of rates—their distribution of profits—and the facilities afforded by their Loan department—before deciding to insure elsewhere.

Pamphlets containing the last Annual Report, and the Society's rates, together with blank forms, and the fullest information, may be obtained upon application to the General Agent.

A Medical Examiner in attendance at the office daily, at 3 o'clock, P.M. Fee paid the Society. J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent, Resident in N. York. 62 Wall-street, Jan. 7, 1845. Jan. 11-1f.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with plans. Ap. 20-1f.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA,

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Scatarrha, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Ascaris, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.

If there be a pleasure on earth which superior beings cannot enjoy, and one which they might almost envy men the possession of it is the power of relieving pain. How consoling, then, is the consciousness of having been the instrument of rescuing thousands from misery to those who possess it. What an amount of suffering has been relieved and what a still greater amount of suffering can be prevented by the use of Sands's Sarsaparilla! The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews, and bones half carious, has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers and loathsome to himself and to his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groined hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretory organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the tank of disease, and now with regenerated constitution, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation.

The following certificate recently received will be read with interest, and for further proof the reader is referred to a pamphlet which is furnished without charge by all the Agents:—

NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1843.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen—Parental feelings induce us to make the following statement of facts in relation to the important cure of our little daughter, wholly effected by the use of SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA. For nearly three years she was afflicted with a most inveterate eruption on the body, which at times was so bad, connected with internal disease, that we despaired of her life. The complaint commenced in the roots of the hair, and gradually spread until the whole head was enveloped, and then it attacked the ears, and ran down the neck, and continuing to increase until it covered the most of the body. It commenced with a small pimple or pustule, from which water at first discharged; this produced great itching and burning; then matter or pus formed, the skin cracked and bled, and the pus discharged freely. The sufferings of the child were so great as almost wholly to prevent natural rest, and the odor from the discharge so offensive as to make it difficult to pay that particular attention to the nature of the case required. The disease was called Scald Head and general Salt Rheum. We tried various remedies, with little benefit, and considered her case almost beyond the reach of medicine; but from the known virtue of your Sarsaparilla, we were induced to give it a trial.

Before the first bottle was all used, we perceived an improvement in the appearance of the eruption; but the change was so rapid for the better, that we could scarcely give credence to the evidence of our own eyes. We continued its use for a few weeks, and the result is a perfect cure. To all Parents we would say:—If you have children suffering with any disease of the skin, use Sands Sarsaparilla. With feelings of gratitude and respect, we are yours, &c.

ELIHU & SARAH SOUTHWAY.

No. 95 Madison-st.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

NANTUCKET, Mass., 8th mo. 21, 1844.

A. B. & D. Sands—Esteemed Friends:—Although an entire stranger to you, I do not feel at liberty any longer to defer the acknowledgment of a great devotedness to you for your invaluable Sarsaparilla, which has been the means, under a kind Providence, of my inexpressible relief. I am also urged to this acknowledgment by reflecting, that by my humble testimony hundreds of suffering, miserable as I have been, may be induced to try this remedy, and experience a cure as speedily and happy as mine. For ten years I have been suffering under a Scrofulous affection of the Bones in my head, and during a great part of this time, my pain and sufferings were so severe, that but for a reliance on the Great Disposer of events, I should have desired, and much preferred death itself. At different periods during my sickness, twenty pieces of bone have been taken from my head in various ways, besides all my upper teeth, and the entire upper jaw, rendering the mastication of food quite impossible. After expending about six hundred dollars for medical aid, I had recourse to your justly celebrated Sarsaparilla, and within the last three months the use of twelve bottles has, with the most beneficial operation, completely arrested the disease; the healing process is going forward, and I am rapidly approaching to a perfect cure. Being extremely anxious that others laboring under similar complaints, may have the advantage of my experience, I shall be most happy at any time to communicate to them or to you, such further and more minute particulars as may be desired. Please accept assurances of my great obligation and regard.

BENJAMIN M. HUSSEY.

NANTUCKET, 9th mo 3d, 1844.

A. B. & D. Sands—Respected Friends:—Benj. M. Hussey is a person of perfect respectability; his statement in relation to the wonderful effects of your Sarsaparilla upon him, may be implicitly relied upon. His case here is considered a very extraordinary one, and the cure altogether is such as to entitle the Sarsaparilla to be ranked as a great blessing to the human family, and we consider it as such—Yours with true regard,

WM. MITCHELL, Cashier of the Pacific Bank, Nantucket.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by

A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, 77 East Broadway, N.Y.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. A12-1f.